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ROUNDUP
1921

1951



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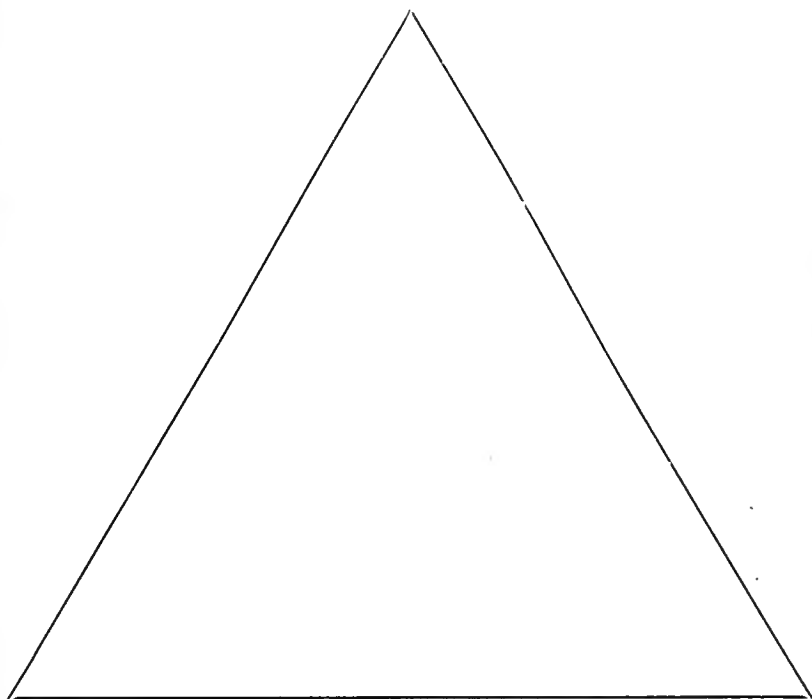
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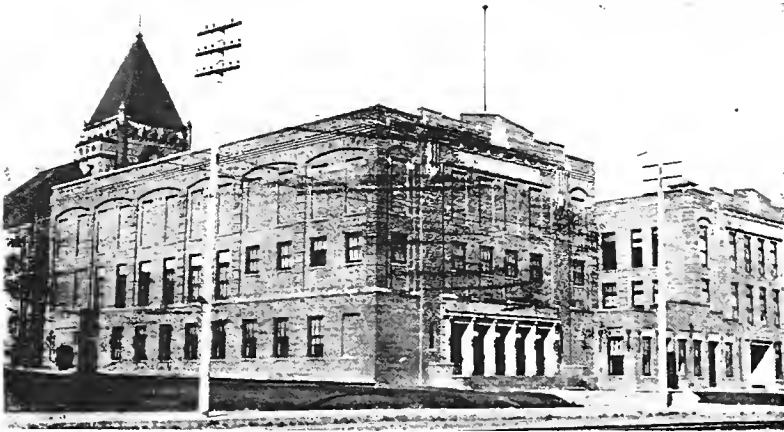
The Fourteenth Annual

ROUNDUP

Official Publication of

GREAT FALLS HIGH SCHOOL

Published by the Senior Class



Great Falls, Montana :: :: June, 1921



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TO MISS GENEVIEVE HOLKESVIG

We, the class of 1921, lovingly and respectfully dedicate this edition
of the Roundup

Senior Poem

T'is painful to us Seniors
To look back o'er the years
And see ourselves as Freshmen
Oft shedding salty tears.

But harder still for Seniors
(A task that's hard to beat)
To recall our Sophomore follies
And all our self conceit.

Our Junior year is different,
We look on it with pride,
For though we were not Seniors
We oft with Seniors vied.

And vieing came out victor
In many a well waged fight,
But the Junior Prom of '20
Set all our quarrels aright.

The year of years, our Senior year,
Our banner Gold and Blue.
Has shown to all the others
The right path to pursue.

And though we've not been perfect
As no one could expect,
We've done our best as Seniors
And have naught to regret.

But as our time grows shorter
And commencement day is nigh
We find we like to linger;
We hate to say "Goodbye."

Then since we soon must leave her
In leaving will we swear
We'll ne'er forget our High School
And at future times "Be There."

—CHAUNCEY FERGUSON.



MR. LOUIS G. COOK

Our new principal, who, in one short year, has won the affection and loyal support of every student in G. F. H. S.



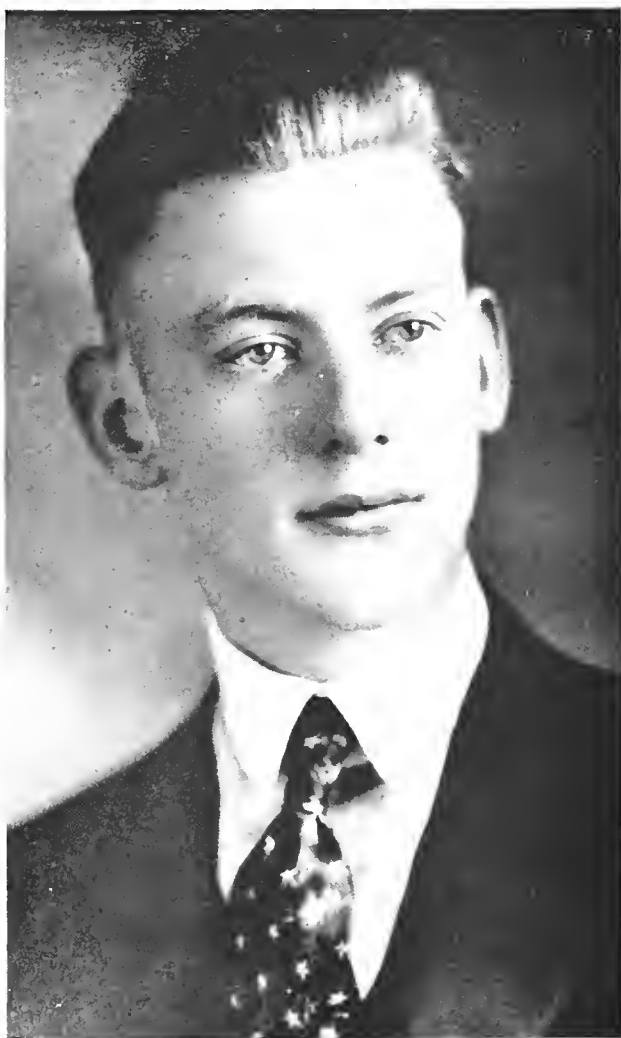
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JOHN TAYLOR, Editor-in-Chief



EDITORIALS



COTTER-1920

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James Cockrill, Joe Livers and Richard Hart,		Will	Arch Riley
Chief Reporter	Opal Stone	Typist	Alice Dickman

Prologue and Epilogue

This edition of the Roundup cannot but be an expression of the spirit which has animated our school during the past year. With the coming of a new principal, innovations have been made in our family which are contributing to every phase of our education. It has been Mr. Cook's ambition to have each student belong to some organization. While many of the clubs described herein are still in their infancy, they have caught a vision of the goal to be attained. In other words, we have seen a new birth of the thing called "private school spirit." We feel grateful to Mr. Largent, who has spent a lifetime in devoted service to the youth of the city, and to the school board for giving us the man who was able to bring this about.

The editors have spent a score of happy days together in the preparation of this annual. They wish to express their deep appreciation for the assistance given by Miss Shafer, the school as a whole, and the business men of the town. In bidding our friends farewell, we reluctantly leave this memorial to the memory of our splendid class.

Traffic Regulations

New traffic regulations have been instituted recently in our school. But we are much more interested in the vast number of traffic regulations which our school has fostered. These regulations have controlled the commerce along the highways of our minds. Though we seldom have such a conception of it, education is the science of building better roads within the brain.

We restrain evil thoughts by blocking up the back alleys of our intellects. The more often our thoughts travel over the main streets, the easier it becomes for them to travel. The good things we learn act as street lamps on dark nights. The masterpieces of art and the glories of nature once seen help to make "a city beautiful" of the mind.

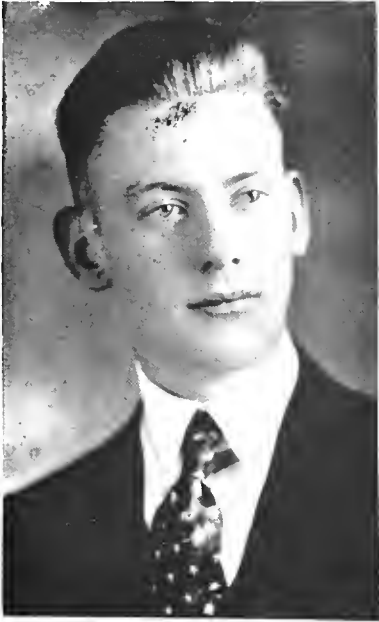
The most successful man is the one who has made use of the best traffic regulations within his brain. He keeps the streets so clear that a thought may pass quickly to its destination. He does not try to rush two thoughts through at the same time. He allows no rickety hacks upon the streets.

The thing for us to do is to pave as many streets as possible, to make them beautiful, and to make use of them. They tell us that the average man uses but one street out of every ten in his mind. Let's open up all ten for traffic.



ROUNDUP STAFF

Class Officers



ELLIOTT ROBERTS, President



MARGARET VOGEL, Vice-President



KENNETH McIVER, Secretary



ERNEST BALYEAT, Treasurer

President's Address

Tonight is a night of momentous interest to us Seniors. It is the beginning of the end of our high school career. From now on things will come thick and fast, so thick and fast, in fact, that our high school days will be over before we realize it.

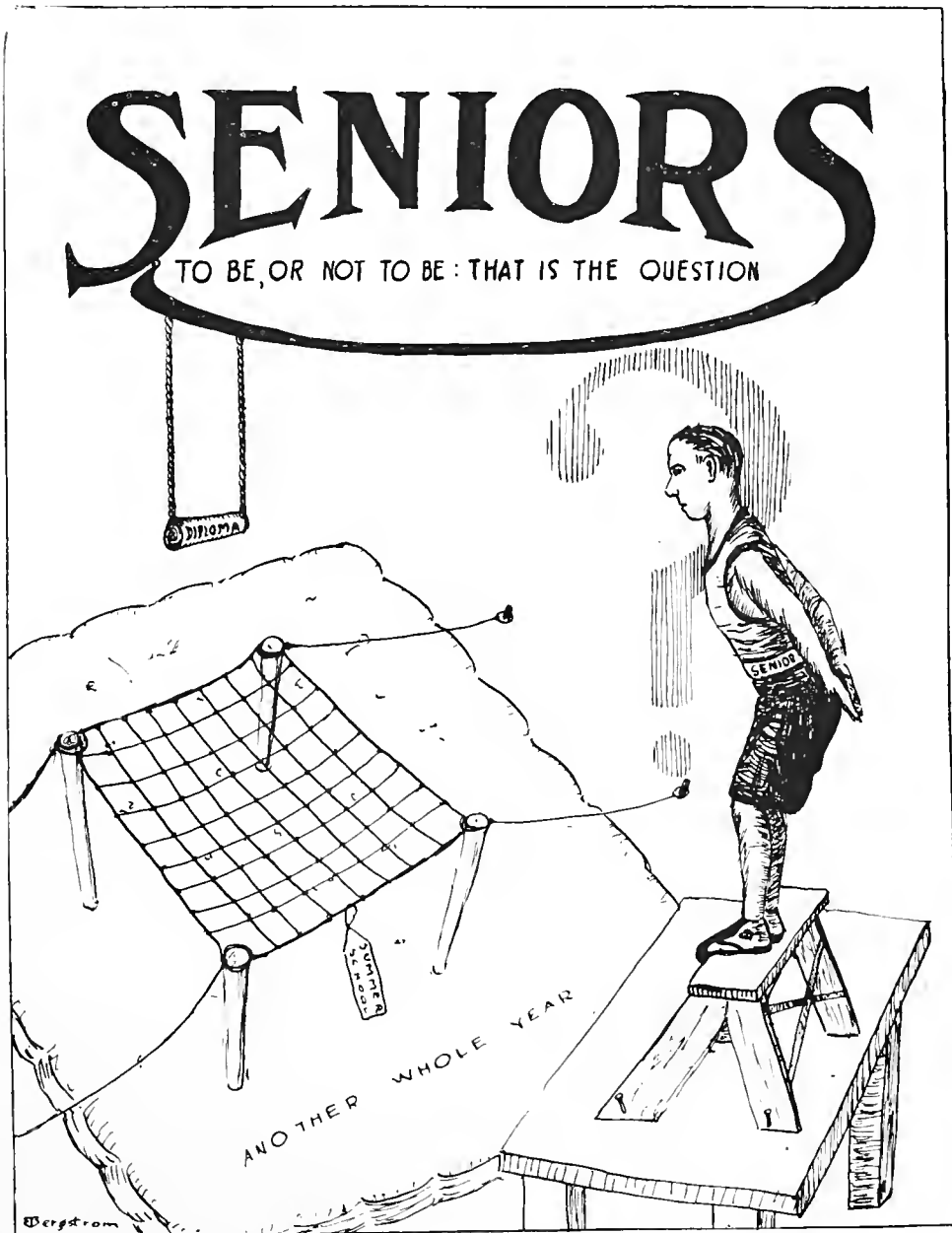
The class of '21 has "been there" in full accordance with their motto, "Be There." It has developed a fine spirit, as has been shown in its studies, in all the numerous class activities, and in its attitude toward the school as a whole.

During the four (or five) years of our high school training, we have been endeavoring to get enough education to let us be graduated from this high school. For some of us this has been difficult; for others, easy. While all of us have not astonished the school by our particular brilliancy, most of us have made an honest effort to do the best that was in us. We feel confident that the class of '21 will not be a black mark on the annals of G. F. H. S. Indeed, we earnestly hope that, in the future, some of our number may do the old school honor by their accomplishments.

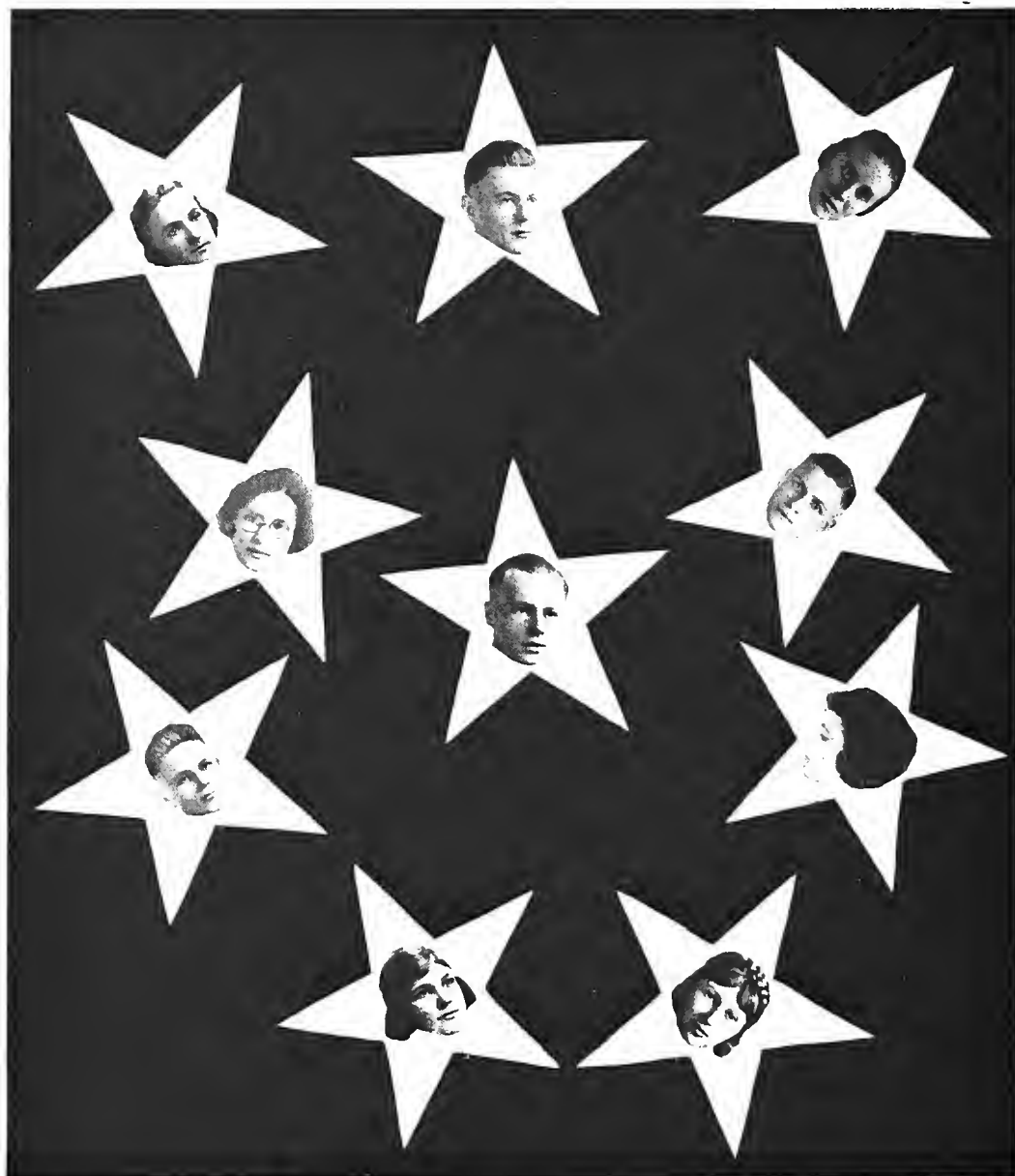
You evidently know from your programs that the play to be presented tonight is "The Fortune Hunter." This play is one of the leading lighter comedies of the day. It is played, not only on the amateur stage, but on the professional as well and a moving picture representation of it has been made.

We have chosen this play because it gives room for the vast amount of dramatic ability in the Senior Class.

We are glad that so many have been sufficiently interested in our work to come and see this play. We hope you will continue this interest and be present at the festivities attendant upon commencement. We particularly invite the fathers and mothers and friends of the Class of 1921 to come to our graduation exercises to be held in this auditorium. We are going to "Be There." Will you, too, "Be There?"



Honor Ten



JOHN TAYLOR
ELLIOTT ROBERTS
JULIA ARTHUR
OPAL STONE
CHAUNCEY FERGUSON

JEAN COWAN
RUTH WALKER
CARL KORPI
DORIS KENNEDY
MARIE KNUTSON



SCHILLING, AUORA ("Iky")
("Blondy")

"Two can live as cheaply as one."
Commercial Course, Basketball, Girls'
Club, Armenian Drive, Food Conserva-
tive Drive; Red Cross Drive; Future—
Business world.



POHLAD, VERNA ("Slim")

"Always seen but seldom heard."
General Course, Girls' Club, Food Con-
servative Drive; Future—Business
World.



MARZETTA, PETER N. ("Pete")

"Look for a tough wedge for a
tough log."

General Course, A. A.; Future—I'd like
to see the one who knows something
about it.



OLIVER, ARTHUR STANLEY
("Stan")

"He weren't no saint but at judg-
ment, I'd take my chance with
Stan."

Scientific Course, Basketball 2, 3, 4,
A. A., Boys' Club, Hi-Life Staff, Glee
Club and Chorus, "Sylvia"; Future—
University of Nebraska.



SWAIN, MARJOIE ("Marg")

"What a spendthrift she is with
her 'ongue."

Commercial Course, A. A., Girls' Club;
Future—Business World.



POPHAL, LEVORA CAROLYN

"To know her was to love her."

General Course, Billings High 2, Sec-
Treas. of Girls' Club 2, Treas. of
Girls' Club 4, "Sylvia," "The Will,"
Vocational Congress 4, Forum, Musi-
cal Club, Aquila Club, A. A.; Fu-
ture—College.



TAYLOR, JOHN B. JR.

"I want to live by the side of the
road and be a friend to man."

General Course; Track 2, 3; Junior
Boys' Representative; Senate 3, 4; Vice
Pres. of Senate 4; Boys' Club or Hi-Y
3, 4; Pres. of Junior Class Play, "The
Will"; Senior Class Play; Student
Pres. of Student Council; Honor Ten;
Editor-in-Chief of Roundup; Future—
Harvard.



PETERSON, ARTHUR E. ("Arfer")
("Pete")

"A Senior at Best, a Junior at
Heart."

General Course; Future—Bozeman.



WGOLLEY, WILFRED W.

"To be swift is less than to be wise."

General Course; Senate; Editor of Roundup; Boys' Club; "The Colonel's Maid;" "The Will"; Future—Quien Sabe?



LEASE, RUTH NETTIE ("Ruthie")

"Earnest in everything she does."

Classical Course; Armenian Drive; Red Cross Drive; Pres. of Students' Club of Y. W. C. A.; Chorus and Glee, Girls' Forum; Future—Missoula, Mont.



WYNN, WINNIFRED ("Winnie")

"Sober, steadfast, quiet and true. This can be said of very few."

Commercial Domestic Course, A. A., Red Cross Drive, Girls' Club; Future—Uncertain.



McCLURE, SAM

"All great men are dying, I don't feel very well myself."

Entered from Minot, N. Dak. 2, Boys' Club, Football; Future—Uncertain.



CHELLQUIST, ENOCH

"It is surely to pardon too much than to condemn too much."

General Course; A. A.; Future—Uncertain.



LAKE, HELEN ELIZABETH ("Hon")

"With lokkes cruell as if laid in presse."

General Course; Girls' Club; Sec. Student Council; Girls' Forum; Assistant Business Manager Roundup; Chorus and Glee—1, 2; Hi-Life Staff; "The Correct Thing"; "The Fortune Hunter"; Future—Goucher College.



LORD, EVELYN E. ("Lordie")

"Blonds always have sunny dispositions"

General Course, Musical Club, Girls' Club, Red Cross Drive, Armenian Drive; Future University of Minnesota.



MILLER, FAY

"If silence is golden, thou art a nugget."

General Course; Entered from Alden, Kansas 2; Girls' Club; Future—Business World.



FERGUSON, CHAUNCEY

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

General Course; Track—3; Basketball—4; A. A., Mock Trial; Boys' Vocational Congress at Bozeman; Pres. of First Circle Boys' Club; Senate; Boys' Club; Hi-Life Staff; Jazz Band; Alumni Editor for Roundup; Future—Uncertain.



HOLE, FRANK H.

"Faint Heart ne'er won fair lady."

General Course; Orchestra 1, 2; Boys' Club; Future—College.



DICKSON, ALICE ("Dickie")

"All by mine own self alone (?)"

Commercial Course; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Armenian Drive; A. A., "Sylvia," "The Colonel's Maid"; Future—Uncertain.



REHALL, OLGA

"She needs no Eulogy; she speaks for herself."

Joplin High 1, General Course, Girls' Club; Future—Business World.



DORRANCE, HELEN

"A girl, she seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Commercial Course, Girls' Club, A. A., Basketball, Volley Ball, Indoor Baseball; Future—Missoula.



WOODS, DOROTHY E.

"One's studies do so interfere with the regular course."

General Course; Food Conservation; Chorus and Glee 2, 3, Hi-Life.



DOYRA, LILLIAN LYDIA

"Lost in this world, one wee small voice."

Entered as Junior, Stockett-Sand Coulee; General Course; Girls' Club; Future—Berkeley University.



WALL, LONNIE A.

"I cannot deem why men toil so far fame."

General Course, A. A.; Future—uncertain.



AUERBACH, HELEN C.

"Oh! Thou who hast that fatal gift of beauty."

General Course; Entered from Butte High 2; Red Cross Drive; Hi-Life Staff; Sec. Girls' Forum, "The Correct Thing"; Future—St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minn.



ANDERSON, MARCUS ("Mike")

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

General Course; Senate—3. A. A.; Future—Undecided.



ASKEW, IRVINE DUNHAM

"Memory plays tricks with me."

General Course; Boys' Club; Future—Uncertain.



DAWSON, EILEEN MARY

"You can't judge a book by its cover."

Commercial Course; A. A.; Girls' Club; Future—Uncertain.



BABB, BERNICE B. ("Bowser")

"Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are."

General Course; Entered from Helena 2; Pres. of Girls' Club 4; A. A.; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of Roundup; "Sylvia," "The Colonel's Maid," "The Correct Thing," "The Fortune Hunter"; Musical Club; Future—Dillon.



ARNDT, PAUL ("Polly") ("Pablo")

"There must be a lot of good work in him For none of it ever came out."

Manual Training Course; Track—4; Basketball—2, 3, 4, A. A.; Senior Play; Future—Butte School of Mines.



BAKER, WILLIAM

"He came, he saw, but she conquered."

Scientific Course; Marshal of Senate; Basketball—4; Hi-Life Staff.



ARTHUR, JULIA DOWNING

"She lacks greatness of frame For it's all in her brain."

Classical Course; A. A.; Basketball; Forum, "The Correct Thing," "Compromising Martha," "The Colonel's Maid"; Future—College.



**CUNNINGHAM, DOROTHY MARG-
ARET ("Dot")**

"She was as good as she was fair."

Commercial Course; A. A.; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Armenian Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Chorus Glee; Future—College.



ARNOLD, ALICE

"Why truly, she has a very pretty talent and a great deal of industry."

Scientific Course; Orchestra—3, 4; Musical Club; Food Conservation Drive; Future—Business World.



COY, DOROTHY ("Dot") ("Dode")

"Courteous, though coy; and gentle, though retired."

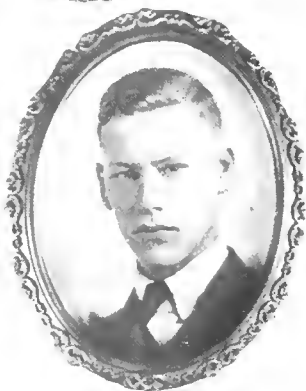
Commercial Course; A. A.; Red Cross Drive; Girls' Club; "The Correct Thing"; Future—College.



DUNCAN, IVA ("Tiny")

"The next day is never as good as the night before."

General Course, A. A., Red Cross Drive, Armenian Drive, Food Conservation Drive, Salvation Army Drive, Girls' Club.



FERGUS, CLARK

"Never do today what you can put off until next week."

Scientific Course; Sylvia 2; Boys' Club 3, 4, Sec. of Boys' Club 4; Jazz Band; "The Will;" Senior Play.



EBERL, LUCY

"Undisturbed by what men say
She goes on the same today as yesterday."

General Course; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Future—Business World



DAYISON, PHYLLIS

"A flower with little willful thorns."

Domestic Science Course; A. A.; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Future—College.



FERRON, RUSSEL C. F.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Commercial Course; A. A.; Boys' Club; Red Cross—2, 3; Future—Uncertain.



BRIDGEMAN, DOROTHY ANN
("Dot") ("Ted")

"If I chance to talk a little wild,
forgive me."

Scientific Course; Basketball—2, 3, 4;
Red Cross Drive; Music, History and
Technical Clubs; Future—Missoula.



BROWNSON, ALFRED P.

"The love of praise, howe'er con-
cealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and grows
in every heart."

General Course; Entered from Port-
land, Ore., 2; Track 3, 4; Marshal
Senate—4; Senate—3, 4; A. A.; Hi-
Life Staff; Assistant Business Man-
ager Roundup; Future—Unknown.



BERGSTROM, ELLIS

"Please go 'way an' let me sleep."

General Course; Senate—4, A. A.;
Boys' Club.



COWAN, JEAN K.

"Her heart to art is wedded ever-
more."

Scientific Course; Girls' Club, A. A.;
Basketball—1, 2; Vice Pres. of Musical
Club, History Club; Red Cross Drive;
Art Editor for Roundup; Future—Col-
lege.



CALLAWAY, FANNIE L. ("Fan")

"Generally speaking—she's gen-
erally speaking."

Classical Course; Historian Roundup;
Girls' Club; Armenian Drive; Red
Cross Drive; "The Correct Thing"; Fu-
ture—Girls' School.



CARLSON, JANET ERMA

"Not merely to exist but to amount
to something in life."

General Course; Girls' Club; Food
Conservation Drive.



CARLSON, DOROTHY
("Dot") ("Dotty")

"I have rather studied books than
men."

General Course; Basketball—3, 4;
Food Conservation Drive; Armenian
Drive; Red Cross Drive, A. A.; Girls'
Club, "The Correct Thing"; Future—
College.



CHELLQUIST, EVA MATHILDA
("Skinny")

"Of much weight in the world."

General Course; Basketball; History
Club; Girls' Club; Armenian Drive;
Future—Dillon.



HOAG, WALTER C.

"Hungry as the sea, and can digest as much."

General Course: Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain First Team—4; All State Tackle 4; Track, A. A.; Senate 3; Hi-Life Staff.



MOCK, GERALD F.

"Lead Kindly Light, for the night is dark and I am far from home."

Manual Training Course: A. A.; Boys' Club: Future—Bozeman.



HICKMAN, HAZEL

"You ought to see her play basketball."

Girls' Club, Kick Ball, Indoor Baseball, Basketball, Volley Ball.



SANFORD, HOLLIS

"A boy with winning ways and smiles. To have have him for a friend's worth while."

General Course, Basketball 4, Agricultural Club, "The Fortune Hunter," Future—Bozeman.



JORGENSEN, ROBERT F. ("Bob") ("Jerry")

"There's lots of fun in the world if a fellow only knows how to find it."

Manual Training Course, A. A., Senate 4, Boys' Club, Basket Ball 3.



STONE, OPAL MARIAN

"Born to success she seems, with grace to win and heart to hold."

Classical Course, A. A., Girls' Club, Treas. of Junior Class 3, Forum, Red Cross Drive, Food Conservation Campaign, Armenian Drive, Chief Reporter for Roundup, "The Correct Thing," Future—College.



KENNEDY, HELEN JUNE ("Ken")

"A girl who's always in for fun and yet is quite a student."

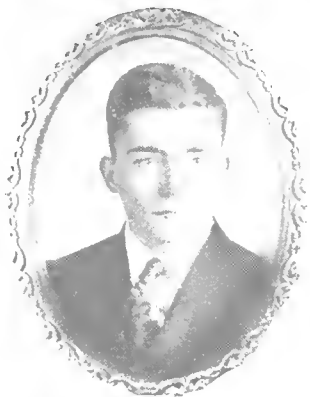
General Course; Captain Girls' Basketball Team 3; Girls' Forum; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Armenian Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Future—Missoula.



SHAW, GUY

"With just enough learning to misquote."

Entered from Cedar Rapids High 2, 4, General Course, A. A., History Club Future—



OAKLAND, DU WAYNE ("Oakey")

"Ay, every inch a King."

Commercial Course, A. A., Musical Club, Orchestra 2, 3, 4, Boys' Glee 1, 2, Boys' Club, Future—College.



CROWE, OLIVE ("Awful") ("Ollie")

"She doesn't agree with her name."

Classical Course; Basketball; Food Conservation Drive; Red Cross Drive; Girls' Club.

OLINGER, MADELYNE ("Manny")

"How various her employments, whom the world calls idle."

Classical Course, Red Cross Drive, Girls' Club, A. A., Armenian Drive; Future—College.

COX, SARAH STEPHENSON

("Sally")

"Be not weary in well doing."

General Course, Winnett High 1, 2, Sec. Treas. of Winnett Sophomore Class 2, Red Cross Drive, "Princess Chrysanthemum," Glee Club and Chorus, Girls' Club; Future—Minnesota University.



O'BRIEN, ROBERT EMMETT (Irish.)

"How happy the life unembarrassed by the cares of business."

Scientific Course, Senate, Boys' Club, Glee Club Chorus; Future—College.

CHARTERIS, WILLIAM

"God gave him brains and a merry heart and William does the rest."

Scientific Course; Senate—2, 3, 4; Pres. of Senate—4; "The Colonel's Maid," "The Will," "The Fortune Hunter"; Future—Butte School of Mines.



OAKLAND, HELEN A. ("Jeffie")

"Go where you will, our blessings be about you."

General Course, Musical Club, Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Food Conservation Drive, Chorus 1, 2, Glee Club 1; Future—Business world.

CROTEAU, MINNIE MURIEL

"As quiet as a mouse."

Commercial Course; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; A. A.; Armenian Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Future—Nobody knows.





MONROE FRANK E. ("Frenchy")

"No one molests me unhurt."

St. Mary's Institute; General Course;
Future—Uncertain.



TAARLAND, PAULINE

"A friend whom chance nor change
can harm."

Commercial Course, Girls' Club, Red
Cross Drive, Food Conservation Drive;
Future—Business World.

MADER, MARY ELLEN

"She walks in beauty as the night."

Commercial Course, Girls' Club, A. A.
Future—Business World.



TOWNSEND, MARIAN A. ("Shanks")

"To spend too much time in
studies is sloth."

Classical Course, A. A., "The Correct
Thing." Future—



McIVER, KENNETH B. ("Kenny")

"Then he will talk, good gods, how
he will talk."

Scientific Course; Football—3, 4;
Basketball—3, 4; Pres. A. A. 4, Senior
Class, 4; Student Council; Assistant
Business Manager for Roundup; Hi-
Life Staff; Future—Bozeman.



WAGNER, RAYMOND JACOB ("Red")
("Bricktop")

"Type of the wise who soar but
never roam."

Scientific Course, A. A., Senate 2; Fu-
ture—



MOSES, MILDRED ODELLES

"This was the noblest Senior of
them all."

General Course, Entered from Trinidad,
Colorado, 2, Soc. of A. A., Student
Council, Chorus and Glee 2, 4, History
Club, Red Cross Drive, Hi-Life Staff,
Assistant Business Manager of the
Roundup, " Sylvia", "The Correct



VOGEL, MARGARET ("Mugs")

"She is witty to talk with, pretty
to walk with, and, nice to think
of, too."

Classical Course, Red Cross Drive,
Girls' Club, Chorus and Glee, Vice-
Pres, Senior Class 4, "The Correct
Thing." Future—College.

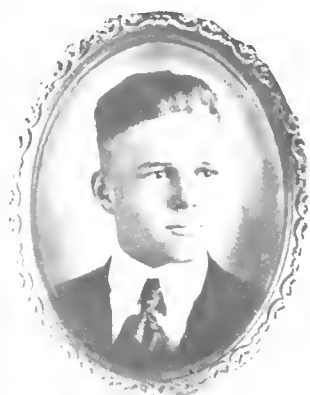




HAGEN, EVELYN H. ("Ev")

"She can waste more time in a minute, than most folks can in a week."

General Course; A. A.; Food Conservation Drive; Armenian Drive; Red Cross Drive; Girls' Club; Future—Business World.



BALYEAT, ERNEST H.

"He broke no promise, served no private end
He gained no title and he lost no friends."

Scientific Course; Pres. Sports 3; Hi-Life Staff; A. A.; Aquila Club; "The Colonel's Maid," "Sylvia"; Future—Missoula.



KORPI, CARL ("Flint")

"It is the silent men who do things."

Scientific Course, A. A.; Future—Uncertain.



BARRETT, BERTHA ("Ber")

"True to her work, her words, and her friends."

Domestic Science Course; A. A. Girls' Club; Food Conservation Drive. Future—Uncertain.



KENNEDY, DORIS M. ("Slim")

"Gently down the stream of time she glides so peacefully."

General Course; A. A.; Girls' Forum; Chairman of Committee for Commencement Announcements; Red Cross Drive; Food Conservation Campaign; Publicity Committee for G. L. Club; Hi-Life Staff; Future—Missoula.



BANTA, NORMAN SIMON ALOYSIUS

"Little of this great world can I speak.
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle."

Scientific Course; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Track 2, 3, 1, A. A.; Technical Club; Future—College.



KNUTSON, MARIE I. ("Wee")

"Oh! She can play chapsodies on the typewriter."

Commercial Course; Food Conservation Drive; Armenian Drive; Red Cross Drive; Girls' Club; Chorus and Glee 3, 4; "The Correct Thing"; Future—Business World.



BELL, LYDIA RUE ("Lyd")

"Please don't say anything about my hair."

General Course; A. A. Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; "The Correct Thing"; Future—College.



WERGELAND, JENNING A.

"A man after his own heart." (He would rather some girl were after it.)

Scientific Course; Entered from Walla Walla College 2, A. A., Senate 4, Glee Club and Chorus 2, 4, "Sylvia", Clerk of Court of Mock Trial; Future—Missoula.



NOBLE, HELEN ("Heaney")

"What a Noble mind was here."

Commercial Course, Food Conservation Drive, Armenian Drive, Girls' Club, "The Correct Thing"; Future—Bozeman.



WILSON, NELLIE D.

"Her smile is friendly."

Entered from Three Forks, Domestic Science Course; Girls' Club, A. A.; Future—College.



McNAIR, BEN

"My only books were woman's looks
And folly's all they taught me."

General Course; Entered from Bronxville, N. Y., 4; Senate; Yell Leader; Hercules Club; Hi-Life Staff; Snapshot Editor for Roundup; Future—Leland Stanford.



WERGELAND, FLOYD

"A little foolishness now and then often pleases the wisest men."

Entered from Walla Walla College 2; A. A.; Senate 4; Mock Trial; Poster Contest; Track 3.



MOREHEAD, JESSIE MAE ("Billy")

"Whether in work or whether in play,
She did everything in a just-right way."

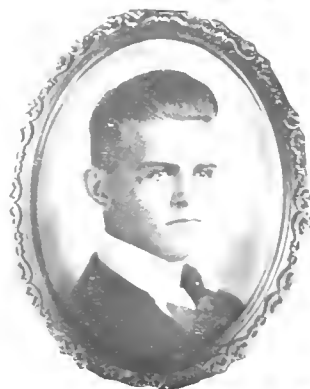
Domestic Science Course; A. A., Red Cross Drive; Girls' Club; Future—Bozeman.



WALKER, RUTH J ("Ruffie") ("Yupie")

"Look and you will see her likeness in the heart of a rose."

Scientific Course, A. A. History Club, Girls' Club, "The Correct Thing", Hi-Life Staff; Future—



NELSON, PAUL

"I can because I think I can."

General Course, Football 3, A. A.; Future—College.



RILEY, ARCH

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it might get blunted."

Scientific Course; A. A.; Sec. Treas. of Senate; Boys' Club; Roundup Scribe; Hi-Life Staff; Judge of Mock Trial; Future—Bozeman.



LENNY, KATHLEEN ("Katy")

"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free
Nothing there is that bothers me."

Commercial Course; Food Campaign; Chorus and Glee; Future—Business World.



PAPPIN, CLARICE ("Cease")

"A human phonograph to the tune of a giggle."

Commercial Course, A. A.; Armenian Drive, Girls' Club, Red Cross campaign; Future—Commercial College.



LEVITTE, IRENE ("Rene")

"Music is the medicine of the soul."

Commercial Course; A. A.; Girls' Club; Red Cross Drive; Food Conservation Drive; Future—Business World.



ROBERTS, ELLIOTT JOHN ("Skinny")

He's one of our best students and one we'd hate to lose, and there is not a Junior who can ever fill his shoes."

Lewis and Clark High, Spokane 1. Scientific Course, Pres, Junior Class 3. Pres. Senior Class 4. V. Pres. Senate 4. Business Manager Roundup 4. "The Colonel's Maid," "The Will," "The Fortune Hunter"; Senate; Future—Yale??



LIEBETRAU, DOROTHEA L

"Good things come in small packages."

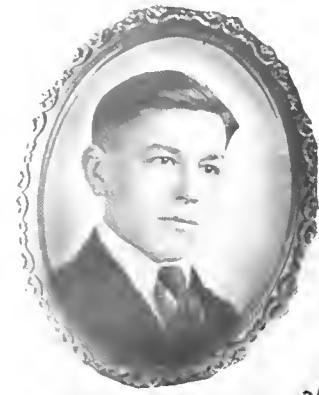
General Course; Entered from Ursuline Academy, A. A.; "The Correct Thing"; Future—Undecided.



RYDELL, MILDRED M. ("Milly")

"A fig for care, a fig for woe
If I can't pay, then I can owe."

General Course, A. A., Food Conservation Drive, Red Cross Drive, Girls' Club; Future—Commercial College. Thing; Future—Missoula.



MATZ, LEWIS

"Always willing and ready to loaf."

Commercial Course, Glee Club, Basketball 3, A. A., Boys' Club.



EDMONSON, ELEANOR ("Skooks")
 "Cream Puffs, powder puffs, and my puffs."
 Classical Course, A. A., Girls' Club.
 Future—College.



GRAYBEAL, EUGENE W. ("Gene")
 "I am as free as nature first made man."
 General Course; Entered from Cascade H. S. 1; Basketball 1; Assistant Business Manager for Roundup; "The Colonel's Maid," "The Will," "The Fortune Hunter"; A. A.; Future Missoula.



ESTES, VIVIAN
 "Louder please, we do not hear you."
 General Course; Food Conservation Drive; Girls' Club; Future—Uncertain.



FOSTER, DORIS
 "Love in her eyes sits playing."
 General Course, Basket Ball 4, Girls' Club, Armenian Drive, "The Correct Thing."

SENIOR WANT ADS

"Shanks" Lowsend — Some serious thoughts.
 "Magg" Vogel—Just "Gene."
 Archie Riley—More matches to chew.
 Mike Anderson—More bandoline.
 "Skooks" Edmonson—Some pep?
 Bill Baker—Longer Sunday afternoons.
 Ruth Walker—A course in vamping.
 Elliott Roberts—More math.
 Iva Duncan—Some color.
 Dot Coy—A "wild" time.
 Julia Arthur—More subjects to study.
 Kenny McIver—Something to fight about.
 "Pete" Marzetta—Something to crab about.
 Bernice Babb—More worlds to conquer.
 Hollis Sanford—More girls to fuss over him.
 Evelyn Hagen—To be a regular "jazz" piano player.
 Fannie Callaway—A new pupil.
 Paul Arndt—Maxim silencer.
 Al Brownson—More me, myself and I.
 E. Balyeat—Something to argue about.
 B. Babb—Houllium.
 B. Charteris—Someone to love me.
 D. Hoag—Reducer.
 Helen Lake—Marcelle wave.

BLESS — SENIORS



Valedictory-Progress

Friends, we are here assembled not so much to review the annals of the past as to catch a vision of the future which that past has bequeathed to us as a heritage. During the short span of years which it has been given us to enjoy, we have rather been discovering what places destiny has set aside for us in this great universe than attempting to fill those places. The time has at length come when we must set sail upon that great unknown ocean which we have heretofore viewed only from a distance.

But before we weigh anchor, let us first call upon the ages to reveal some of those precious secrets, a knowledge of which will enable us to combat the elements. Let us see whether we cannot catch a glimmer from those beacon lights which we know must lie before us.

Harking back to the moonlight age of the world, we perceive untutored Man yearning to master space. We find him obsessed with a great desire to take Time by the forelock. He is consumed with a curiosity to know what lies beyond the sea. He looks upon the birds and envies their freedom of motion. We see him struggling to make his dreams come true. A great wave of sympathy fills our hearts as we learn of his failures. Exultation swells our bosoms when we find him making failure a stepping-stone to success. Already he is beginning to make the forces of Nature his helpmates.

Another step, and we find that Man has found rivals among his fellow men. We behold him slaying and enslaving those who have dared to incur his displeasure. Great armies are brought into existence by military geniuses only to crumble into the dust.

Still later we see Man outwitting his opponents in commerce and business. He has subordinated the sword because of its failure to match the trained intellect. All his energies are directed toward the improvement of his mind. He realizes that he must become the master of himself ere he can hope to gain an ascendancy over others. In him we recognize the man of the present.

But what does all this outward strife and inward effort mean? Does it indicate that Man glories in luxury, in possessions, mere wealth? Not at all. Is he blindly doing the will of a Great Creator? Far from it. He is consciously and deliberately striving to become the master of his fate. Let us go a step farther. By what characteristic are we to distinguish the man whom we are willing to call great? Certainly we shall not judge him by his wealth, but rather by the fact that he has made it the ruling motive of his life to surpass his fellows in the use of those talents with which he has been endowed.

Our inborn ambition causes you and me to desire to surpass—to be masters not only of ourselves but also of those with whom we come in contact. However, we do not desire to dominate. We prefer to secure our ends through influence. To do this, we must abide by those immutable laws of nature which demand loyalty, integrity, enthusiasm for the truth, willingness to labor, and love of our fellow men.

Upon a golden gleam of light there comes the realization that certain subtle influences are forever operating about us. We ask the finger of

science to point out their possibilities. They are found to be all powerful. Indeed, there is an agent by means of which mind may communicate with mind without the use of speech. If we will but become earnest students of ourselves, we may learn to draw into our bodies some of the energies which are running loose in the world and which are able to give us a power of mind not attainable under the education given to the rank and file of mediocrity.

In the days of old, the alchemist sought to transmute the base metals into gold; but his successor, the modern chemist, has produced a purer gold than ever glittered before the eyes of Man. He has made from the fruits of the earth and the products of the mine a gold that is not a mere ornament but a something which makes life more endurable. Ancient adventurers spent their lives in a vain search for the Fountain of Youth. Modern medicine has continued the quest until it is possible for Man to lengthen his life by at least one-third, provided he foregoes the world's dissipations.

So many have been the discoveries and explorations of science that the uninitiated tell us the world is devoid of opportunity for the young man or the young woman. Yet investigators tell us that the achievements of our predecessors are as pebbles on the beach compared with the vast ocean of undiscovered possibilities. The realms of the mind are as yet almost unexplored. The mysteries of the universe are so many that, I tell you, I would rather live a thousand years hence than in the present, were I seeking greater opportunities.

The past is the factory which furnishes us with the tools for the present. Man builds upon the foundations laid by his forefathers. Each succeeding generation profits by the experience of the last as it strides forward. It is for this reason that the man of the future will be able to accomplish more than the man of today, but more than ever he must be a man of vision. We stand as the sculptor before the rough hewn block of marble with, as yet, crude implements in our hands.

Having convinced ourselves of the truth of these facts, we are prepared to go out to fight the world, wresting victory from defeat and knowing no fear save that of failure. It is our resolution to so live that the spirits of those who have gone before may smile down upon us and that those who will come after us may gaze upon our accomplishments in admiration.

But there is one great secret to which the past has given us no key; the greatest efforts of science have failed to bring us one iota nearer the solution of that greatest of all problems—the mastery over Death. The fear of that moment has ever hung like a black cloud over the mind of Man. From the day of his birth to the last moment of his existence, self-preservation has always been his dominant instinct. But when he has abided by the laws of God and Nature, he comes to the inevitable moment with a sense of peace in his heart; for he realizes that, as a great orator said:

“Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren heights of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.”

JOHN TAYLOR.

History of Class of '21



OCTOBER FIRST

ACT FIRST

Scene I.

G. F. H. S.—Enter some 230 Freshmen to be registered.

Mr. Rae—Good heavens! All of those?

Office Girl—Yes, sir; getting worse; more every year.

Small Freshie—Say, he looks easy. Kinda think I'll like the place.

Scene II.

First Day at G. F. H. S.

Same Small Freshie—Say, where's room 21?

Senior (quickly)—New building, go up to the third floor, go straight then turn to your right.

S. S. Freshie—Thanks. Gosh! I wonder what period this is? Third, I guess. Hope I'm not late again. (Hurries forward toward new building.)

Senior—These Freshmen!



Scene III.

Mr. Rae's Office—A Little Later.

Mr. Rae—What are you here for?

S. S. F.—Well—er—that is—I'm—I'm late.

Mr. Rae—Again? Why can't you make your classes?

S. S. F. (with scared expression)—Er—got my directions mixed.

Mr. Rae (banding him admit)—Well, let this be the last time. (As Fresh goes out).

Be it ever thus!

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

G. F. H. S.—Enter Sophomores Minus Some Flunked, Some Otherwise.
 Soph—Back again. Same old place.
 Yeow! There's a Freshie.
 Fresh—Say, where do you go first?
 Soph—Come with papa. (Leads poor Freshie off for initiation).



Scene II.

Assembly Hall—Noise, Talking, Finally Order.
 Soph—New principal looks rash.
 Second Soph—Shut up! Act civilized, cantcha?
 Mr. Steeper gives lecture on how to elect class officers.
 Everyone nominating and seconding motions.
 Miss Hokesvig given charge of "The Clan."
 Election results—
 Rolland Hoffman—President.
 Herman Ulise—Vice President.
 Lucille Brownson—Secretary.
 Stella Distad—Treasurer.

Scene III.

Office.
 Sophomore—No sir.
 Mr. Steeper—Are you sure?
 Soph—Yes sir.
 Mr. S.—You can go.
 Soph—Yes sir.
 Chorus outside of door—How come? What did he say? Didja get the deuce?
 Soph—Aw—nothin' much. But no more skipping for me. "Times has changed." Can't skip this year like we did last (with sigh) but that was a good party anyway.

Another Soph—Yes, with a real good ending, about as good an ending as that of the frolic of our fellow Juniors, who placed that beaming "19" on our illustrious roof.

First Soph—Nuff sed!

Scene IV.

Time—11 P. M.—Exit Crowd of Sophomores From Gym.

One—A real party.

Another—Last one this year.

His Girl—Oh, please! I hate to think of this year ending.

First One—Don't worry; you've two more ahead of you. Well, some party. Leaving you here. S'long.

Chorus—G'night. S'long.

Echo of Voices—A real party—a real year.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

First Day at G. F. H. S.

Voice in Hall—Hello, B———. How's everything?

B———. Seems awfully good to be back. There are some of the crowd. Let's go over.

Chorus (as they approach)—Hello, you Juniors.

Voice—Oh, I say? Hello, Freshie.

Someone—Disperse gang! Here comes the keeper. (Mr. Steeper appears around corner. General scattering of pupils).



Scene II.

First Junior—Got election returns?

Second Junior—Yes.

First Junior—Who got it?

Second Junior—Elliott Roberts is president. Rolland Hoffman, vice president, Lucille Brownson still secretary, and Opal Stone is treasurer.

F. J.—That's fine.

S. J.—A good staff as usual.

A Few Days Later; "Old Clothes Day"—Screams of laughter in the halls.

Voice—I've never seen anything funnier. Look at that hat.

Second Voice—Oh! I'm weak from laughing.
Next Period.

Where are those fellows? Aren't they screams?

Junior—Got kicked out.

Someone—What?

Junior—Yes. We weren't supposed to dress this way y'know and several of the fellows got kicked out. They're out in a Ford now enjoying forced leave of absence.

Another Voice—Let's join them.

Junior—I'm game for anything. We might as well do it good.

Soph—Yea; let's go!

Scene III.

Place—Banquet of Junior Prom.

Junior—Our Prom! I can hardly believe it. Hasn't the time flown?

Senior—Well, rather. This is my last night.

Junior—Crepe hanger!

Second Senior—Everything looks wonderful, decorations and—

Voice—S-h-h-h—speeches.

Later—Masonic Hall.

Senior—Oh, our colors?

Junior—Yes, purple and gold. You are honored ones.

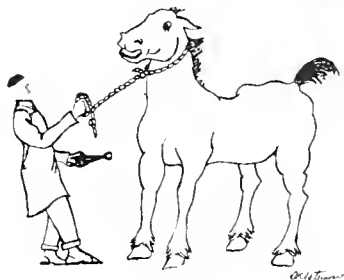
Senior—Mighty pretty, those balloons and all.

Junior—Thank you. We strive to please.

Still Later—In fact, 1 P. M.

Everybody saying goodnight, goodbye and commenting on the evening.

Poor Tired Junior—Yes, it was nice but (yawn) I'm glad it will be done for us next year.



ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Place—The Place.

Time—Fourth Year of Class of '21.

(Enter group of worldly Seniors, discussing everything in general, and ignoring those not as important as they).

One Senior—He's perfectly fine.

Second Senior—And aren't you glad Miss Holkesvig is still with us?

Chorus—Absolutely!

Third Senior (running up)—I finally have my program straightened. Isn't Mr. Cook great?

Senior (approaching bulletin board)—Come one, come all. Posts election thus:

President—Elliott Roberts.

Vice President—Margaret Vogel.

Secretary—Kenneth McIver.

Treasurer—Opal Stone.

Scene II.

Football Mixer.

Everyone (looking at huge football hanging in the center of the room)—Isn't that clever?

Everyone—Agreeing. (Dancing starts).

Someone—This certainly is an original party.

Chorus—Oh! Rose for the boys.

Voice—Let's get on the team.

The Boys—Three cheers now for Miss Harrison.

Chorus of Seniors (at end of party)—Parties like that and this our last year.

Scene III.

Sign on Bulletin Board—"Thursday of this week is announced as office 'Old Clothes Day.' All are asked to participate."

Reaquet—All manners of costumes in the latest of "Haba's Garments." Mr. Cook gaily rigged in the cast-off clothes of former months—or rather, years. Say it gently, but in the crowd it was hard to tell which was Mr. Cook and which was the student.

NOTE—Some Time Later.

Miss Freark—Where did you get your apple?

Arch Riley—Free lunch at the west entrance.

Collection in Assembly—Anything from pennies up. Who said free lunch?

Scene IV.

Voice—Where are those fellows, anyway?

Another Voice—Rehearsing for the play.

First Voice—Well, where's Art?

Second Voice—Up in the "Roundup room."

First Voice—I give up. I thought we weren't going to be busy this year. (To passing Senior)—Where are you going?

Senior—Have to fix my article for the Hi-Life.

First Voice—You win!

Scene V.

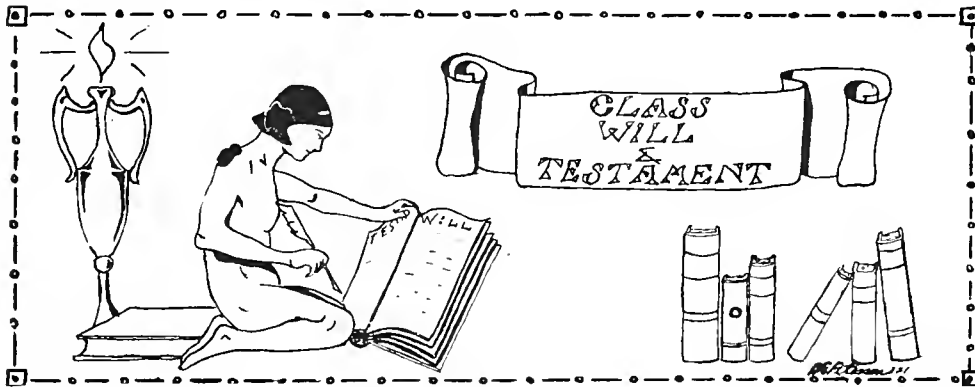
Murmur—I'm wearing white organdie. Most all the girls are.

Second Murmur—I'm so excited. I really can't believe that Commencement is here. Those poor Juniors! They are working so hard.

First Murmur—They'll give us a dandy time. I can hardly wait.

Second Murmur—Yes, and yet—I hate to leave more than I thought I should. I'd rather like to be a boob another year. I like the old place even after four years. Queer, isn't it?

—FANNIE CALLAWAY.



Will

We, the Senior Class of 1921, having obtained our diplomas, after a four years' fight after that elusive fairy nymph, Knowledge, wish, because we feel that we are near the end of our sojourn in this old school, to make our final Will and Testament, thereby revoking all former Wills and Testaments, including marriage licenses and conservation pledges, and notwithstanding, being of sound mind and good judgment: having been duly examined and sworn do hereby bequeath the following items, to-wit:

I. To the school we leave the sincere hope that the Senior Class of 1922 will be as obedient and submissive to all demands as we, the class of 1921, have endeavored to be.

II. To the Junior Class we leave the privilege of putting a "22" in the diamond of our class pin and the benefits of Miss Stone's commentaries.

III. To the Sophomore Class we leave our beaming personality as a guiding star. (Handle gently, Sophomores; it's the charm.)

IV. Advice to the Freshies:

Don't climb up the side of the fountain to drink; the janitors have orders to wipe all specks off the porcelain.

When walking through the halls, don't stroll between some Senior's legs. He might be knock-kneed.

V. To our admired and beloved advisor and protector, Miss Holkesvig, we leave as a fond remembrance the beautiful blue and gold banner, the emblem of our desires and aspirations.

VI. To the Senate of next year we leave the privilege of cultivating a more intimate relationship with the Forum.

VII. Elliott Roberts leaves his collection of first class honors to Richard Hart.

VIII. To the Hodge Twins, Peter Marzetta leaves his desire to become a large man.

IX. Mildred Moses wills her ever increasing popularity to Evelyn Stanley.

X. Bill Charteris bequeathes his "chinking" abilities to Joe Livers. (Cultivate 'em Joe; they'll make a hit.)

XI. To anyone who can buy shoes that will cover them, Billy Baker leaves his amplified pedals.

XII. Mike Anderson wills his three-fifths-of-a-minute before last-bell method of coming to school to Charlie Brown.

XIII. Ruth Walker leaves her "pull" with White Elk to Bernice Johnson. (Watch him, Bernice.)

XIV. To Kathleen O'Leary, Helen Auerbach bequeathes that "meet me later" look.

XV. Al Brownson wills his enviable track record to the next best man.

XVI. Fanny Callaway bequeathes her bobbed hair to any one who lacks originality enough to start a new fad.

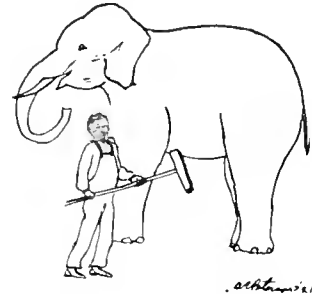
XVII. To Ethelyn Allin, Clarice Pappin leaves her "treat 'em rough" specialties.

XVIII. Bennie McNair wills his "hot air system" to Frank Wrynn. (Fire up, Frankie.)

XIX. To any "up and coming" Junior who has a "stand in" with the Faculty, John Taylor leaves his invincible record as a corner stone.

XX. Clark Fergus bequeathes his accumulation of parlor stories to any of Prof. Tootell's future pupils.

XXI. Irene Levitte leaves her fluent warble to the next bird.



XXII. His keen wit and extreme good looks Frank Houle leaves to any one who can qualify.

XXIII. Bernice Babb wills her scarlet stockings to anyone who has crust to wear them.

XXIV. Her daintiness, Iva Duncan bequeathes to Esther Suhr.



He who knows ^{not} and knows ^{not} that he knows ^{not}, is a fool; shun him, for he is a Fishman.

XXV. Walter "Fat" Hoag wills his gym suit to anyone who is big enough to fill it. (Eat lots, fellows.)

XXVI. Ernest Balyeat leaves his ability to "put it over" to any hard pressed Junior.

XXVII. To all lovesick Juniors, Kennie McIver wills his full quota of disappointment.

XXVIII. Margaret Vogel bequeathes her red hair to any one who can guess the secret. (Get busy, girls.)

XXIX. Floyd Wergland leaves the sensation of wearing his first long pants to any expectant Freshie.



XXX. Dorothy Coy bequeathes her sweetness to Thelma Wright.

XXXI. Jean Cowan wills her artistic inclinations to the recent por-trayer of King George.

XXXII. To Bernice Johnson, Eleanor Edmonson leaves her knowl-edge of the science of "vamping."

XXIII. Helen Lake wills her ability to get Roundup Ads from theatri-cal managers to the next year's girl business managers.

Witnesses:

Genevieve M. Talkeberg

Helen P. Shaffer

Victor H. Rowe

Notary Public.



PROPHECY by Art Peterson '21

Around the World in an Aeroplane



And it came to pass that on the thirty-third day of the month of Sometime in the year called Future, I decided to take a trip around the world in an aeroplane. Art Peterson consented to pilot me and take pictures on the way.

Time—0:00. While testing out the plane today we flew over Sand Coulee. I saw Levora Pophal in a school yard. She was picking on a kindergarten tot, so I decided she was teaching school. On the way back, we passed over Mike Anderson walking the ties towards Great Falls. He did not look like himself.

Time—0:01. Before leaving Great Falls we dropped into the photographer's shop to have our pictures taken. Eva Chellquist answered the bell and Frank Monroe snapped our picture. They seemed to be making good in their shop. I've heard it said that it takes a combination of different dispositions to make a successful partnership in any kind of business.

Time—0:02. Have arrived safely at Minneapolis. Found Dorothy Carlson here; she's spending her time usefully in "Bringing Up Father."

Time—0:03. Flew over Milwaukee just now. As we were flying low, I had a glimpse of Wilfred Wooley who has "made Milwaukee famous" through his invention of a modern lighting system from crude oil.

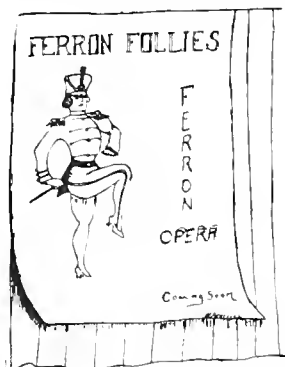
Time—0:04. Bummed into Chicago and as we were out of matches, I visited Archie Riley's match factory. In confidence he admitted that the match business was a losing proposition, especially when the owner required matches for nourishment. He told us that Dorothy Bridgeman has the job of ticket seller at the Gayety Theater for a short time.

Time—0:05. Stopped at Buffalo for repairs and ran across Carl Korpi who asked us how we were traveling. I guess he thought he was going to make some money. He is a horse dentist here.

Time—0:06. Crossing the Catskill mountains, we saw the famous cemetery for departed household pets. This is now managed by Ruth Lease.

Time—0:07. Reached New York at last. Going down Fifth Avenue,

we ran into Sarah Cox. She was making a speech on "New Rights of Women and the Inferiority of Men." When Art heard that, he wouldn't stop. The next thing we bumped into was an immense sign "Ferron Follies," with Vivian Estes, Lillian Doyra, Nellie Wil-



lies," with Vivian Estes, Lillian Doyra, Nellie Wilson, Lucy Eberl and Alice Arnold advertised as the famous western chorus just arrived in New York. Stopped at the Ritz-Carlton for lunch, found Dorothea Liebetrau installed as hostess. Read in the Times of a sensational wedding— Margaret Vogel and Eugene Graybeal were married at "The Little Church Around the Corner." As they were coming out Gene stooped to pick up a five dollar bill and was hit on the head with a horseshoe. He was rushed to the hospital and it is doubtful whether

he will recover his former sense as Fay Miller was installed as nurse.

Time—0:09. Philadelphia. I heard that Alfred Brownson is importing ladies' ready-to-wear from Paris to New York and other places.

Time—0:10. Took a corkscrew drop into Washington and saw Eileen Dawson and Phyllis Davison. They invited us to visit the "Speak Softly Company" and explained that this was a company organized to teach the art to U. S. Senators. Enoch Chellquist is trying for honors in the the company, while Doris Foster, the Montana representative, was trying for the same honors in the "Speak Loud Company" which is operated by Pete Marzetta.



He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him, for he is a sophomore.

Time—0:12. Visited the naval academy at Annapolis. One of the young officers rowed us across the river to visit a very proper "Young Ladies' Seminary" that Marjorie Swain has established. Iva Duncan has charge of the dormitory and we heard that she was very strict.

Time—0:13. We were invited to lunch at Palm Beach so made rather a lengthy stop of two seconds. Helen Lake is staying there. Her father struck oil so she's having quite a time trying to play the part of an aristocrat. I felt exceptionally good when I saw her as we were dining with Bernard Swanson, a second John D. Rockefeller. After lunch, we visited the Pan. Opal Stone and Stanley Oliver put over a clever dancing act called "Latest Steps From Great Falls." Imagine my surprise when Billie Baker appeared as a trapeze performer. I always knew he would climb high—if not in one way, it would be another. Another person we all expected great things from in the old days was Bennie McNair, so we were very pleased when Billie told us he was washing elephants for the twenty-fifth edition of the Barnum and Bailey circus

Time—0:15. Cat Island. Heard an awful racket, so stopped to investigate. Discovered it was Irene Levitte singing "Three Blind Mice" with Gerald Mock chiming in on the chorus with "Listen to the Mocking Bird." We got out of that place mighty quick.

0:15 1-2. Passing over Matanzas, Cuba, we saw an open air demonstration of speedy typewriting by Alice Dickson, the world championess, with a record of 711 words per second accurately written.

Time—0:17. Made a quick visit to Brazil and covered the whole place in less time than can be imagined. Caught a glimpse of Pauline Taarland interpreting for Ray Wagner, the famous naturalist who is now looking for flies, but they always fly when he approaches. When at Buenos Aires the talk of the town was Jean Cowan. It seems she is playing in the Flap Jack Comedies as a bathing girl.

Time—0:20. Canary Islands, the mid-way stopping place for ocean-going aeroplanes. By this time I was badly in need of some powder, so visited the only drug store on the islands. Before I left Mildred Rydell, the owner, had convinced me that I needed some of her Freckle cream which she claims is the best made.

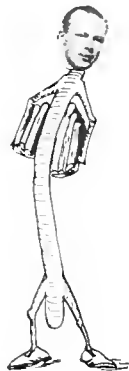
Time—0:22. Nyange, Central Africa. Had to stop here to visit with my old friend Fannie Callaway. She has spent the last three years here looking for a bug to make her hair curly; but, as yet, she has been unsuccessful. Helen Dorrance is covering the Ubangi Shari Territory of this portion of Africa selling kid curlers to the natives.

Crossing the Sahara, we got thirsty and stopped on the oasis of Hogar for a drink. Found Clark Fergus there running a bootlegging establishment. Besides that, he repairs Arabs' old boots for \$10 each.

Time—0:24. Broke our propeller near Barcelona. Had to walk in and on the way we fell in with one of the high muck-y-mucks who told us of the degeneration of John Taylor. It seems he came here to study fence painting, but has lost head and heart over the Spanish vamps.

Time—0:26. Saw Emmete O'Brien in Dublin. He is the leader of the new order of the Sinn Feiners, so we heard.

Time—0:28. Reikjavik, Iceland. We stopped for some ice cream and ran across Madelyn Olinger. She is very much discouraged as she does



THE BOOK-WORM



THE BABY OF THE CLASS

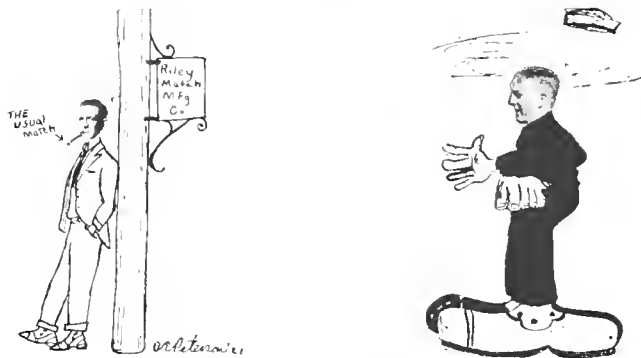
not seem to sell very many Kissel cars to the natives. However, she is sure that if they had sled designs she would make a fortune.

Time—0:30. Stopped at London to visit Lloyd-George. He told us that our old mutual friend, Kenneth McIver, was being sued for breach of promise. We went to visit him in the tower; he told us the whole story. For a while he was very much taken with Jessie Mae Morehead, a famous

London actress. Then he met his old friend, Dorothy Woods. They were married inside of two hours. Now Jessie is trying to get \$100,000 to mend her broken heart. I asked Kenneth if he had been engaged to Jessie Mae and he said he didn't know. The defective detective, Sam McClure, is working nights on the case.

Read in the Political News this morning that Helen Noble is clipping coupons at the rate of 793 a minute in the first and only bank of Hammerfest, Norway. These bonds were bought to stabilize the price of fish.

Time—0:32. Needed some new clothes, so here I am at Paris. I had intended to have the Kennedy sisters design them, but find that they are not designing "Proper Men's Clothing" only. Mary Mader is some



place in the city going to school. She was sent over from the U. S. on an interchange scholarship. Stopped at the Art Exhibit for a short time and found that Ellis Bergstrom is exhibiting his masterpiece and latest statuette, "Sleep."

Time—0:34. I couldn't resist visiting Monte Carlo. Lost my only five cent piece, but met Oswald Misfeldt. He has so much money he wouldn't miss five cents any more, and he made it all by selling books. You see he could talk so fast that the women didn't get a word in edgewise.

Time—0:36. As am interested in astrology, I took a side trip to Geneva. While star-gazing, I saw something which looked vastly familiar. It turned out to be Elliott Roberts sitting on the moon. He had taken that trip up to the moon in a torpedo, but couldn't get started back again. I brought the telescope down to earth again and discovered Hollis Sanford on a mountain peak. He "has taken up golf" and as the home links were not stiff enough, he has come here.

Time—0:40. Returned to Italy. In Rome we heard a love-sick sound and traced it down. It was only Frank Houle serenading Bernice Babb, the noted prima donna, into eloping with him. If he doesn't sing any better than he was when I heard him, she'll elope in the other direction. We climbed the famous Mount Vesuvius and met Lydia Bell already to descend into the crater. I tried to stop her but it was of no use—she is determined to find out whether or not there is an underground passage from there to the North Pole via. Hades.

We went to explore the ruins of ancient Rome and found the Coliseum crowded. Evelyn Hagen was playing a piano in the middle of the

building. It seems that music hath charms, for a ferocious lion (Hazel Hickman in disguise) was frolicking around the dancing martyr, Evelyn Lord. I asked Evelyn what the grand idea was and she explained that they were hired by a committee of boobs to revive the ancient Roman sports.

Time—0:41. Athens. Mildred Moses has been hired by that same committee to revive the ancient Greek religion. She was posing in the Temple as Venus at the Pump.

Time—0:43. Constantinople. Art felt awful dirty, so paid a visit to the Turkish baths operated by Norman Banta. Went to hear an open air entertainment, at least we thought it was that, but it was really Du Wayne Oakland and his jazz band providing music for the Sultan's harem.

Time—0:45. Moscow. Art got a shave at the Bolshevik Barber Shop run by Guy Shaw. Guy told him that the Russian question is going to be settled by Chauncey Ferguson, a lawyer in Archangel. The court will be held on the top of the world.

Time—0:47. Shanghai, China. I saw a sign, "Walter Hoag's Chop Suey Parlor" and couldn't resist the temptation, so had to go in and have some.

Time—0:48. Somewhere in the interior of China. Wanted to see the Great Wall. When got there I couldn't miss it, as Ernest Balyeat, the new missionary to China, was seated on it arguing both pro and con on the question "Is Dancing Beneficial?"

Time—0:50. Sandwich Islands. Bertha Barrett is providing free sandwiches for the poor, hungry, underpaid, numerous, workingmen of the island.

Tahiti Islands. We saw a large crowd of natives and others collected on the beach, and as the engine stopped suddenly, we descended rather suddenly into the center of the crowd. We upset a dish from which Helen Auerbach had been feeding the only man on the island. All's fair in love



or war (?). On the same island Irvine Askew has established a fur trading establishment and Marie Knutson is running a hair dressing establishment.

Sandalwood Island. We saw a lot of windmills and thought we could perhaps get our batteries re-charged. Paul Arndt was the proud owner and builder of all the windmills. His theory is that if he can build enough windmills he will overcome the tropical calms.

Time—0:60. Hawaii. Stopped to learn the Hula-Hula. Visited the queen of Hawaii and almost fell over when we found out it was Winnifred Wynn. Her chief jester at the present time is Bill Charteris. Poor boy!

I felt sorry for him. At one time he was very wealthy, but his natural instinct for craps ruined him.

I have a very wealthy aunt who is liable to die any day, so I thought it would be advisable to stop off and see her at Venice, California. I was horrified beyond measure when she took me to visit the expert wigglers' booth. I was even more horrified when they turned out to be Minnie Croteau and Dorothy Cunningham.

Time—0:63. Hollywood, Los Angeles. Used to live here myself and wanted to visit the Leslie Studios. Met Marion Townsend there. She is posing for the "back" pictures the company puts out.

Time—0:64. Nome, Alaska. Find that Julia Arthur is teaching the Eskimos the art of public speaking. She seems to be making a success of it, but if the Eskimos could understand what she said I'm sure she would be run out of the country.

Great Falls again. On the way back from Alaska I saw several old acquaintances. Eleanor Edmonson is writing a book on "Home Management" which has proved to be absolutely accurate and authentic. Her home is now in Peace river valley, so she should be thoroughly capable of writing such a book.

Saw Louis Matz, a member of the Canadian Mounted Police force, chasing a rabbit across the prairie. I have since heard he was given a medal and made the hero of his regiment for catching it. We flew over Floyd and Jennings Wergeland stuck in the mud, but were afraid to stop to help them for fear we would get stuck ourselves. I suppose they'll pull in all right. They always did get stuck, at least a day, when they went to the ranch.

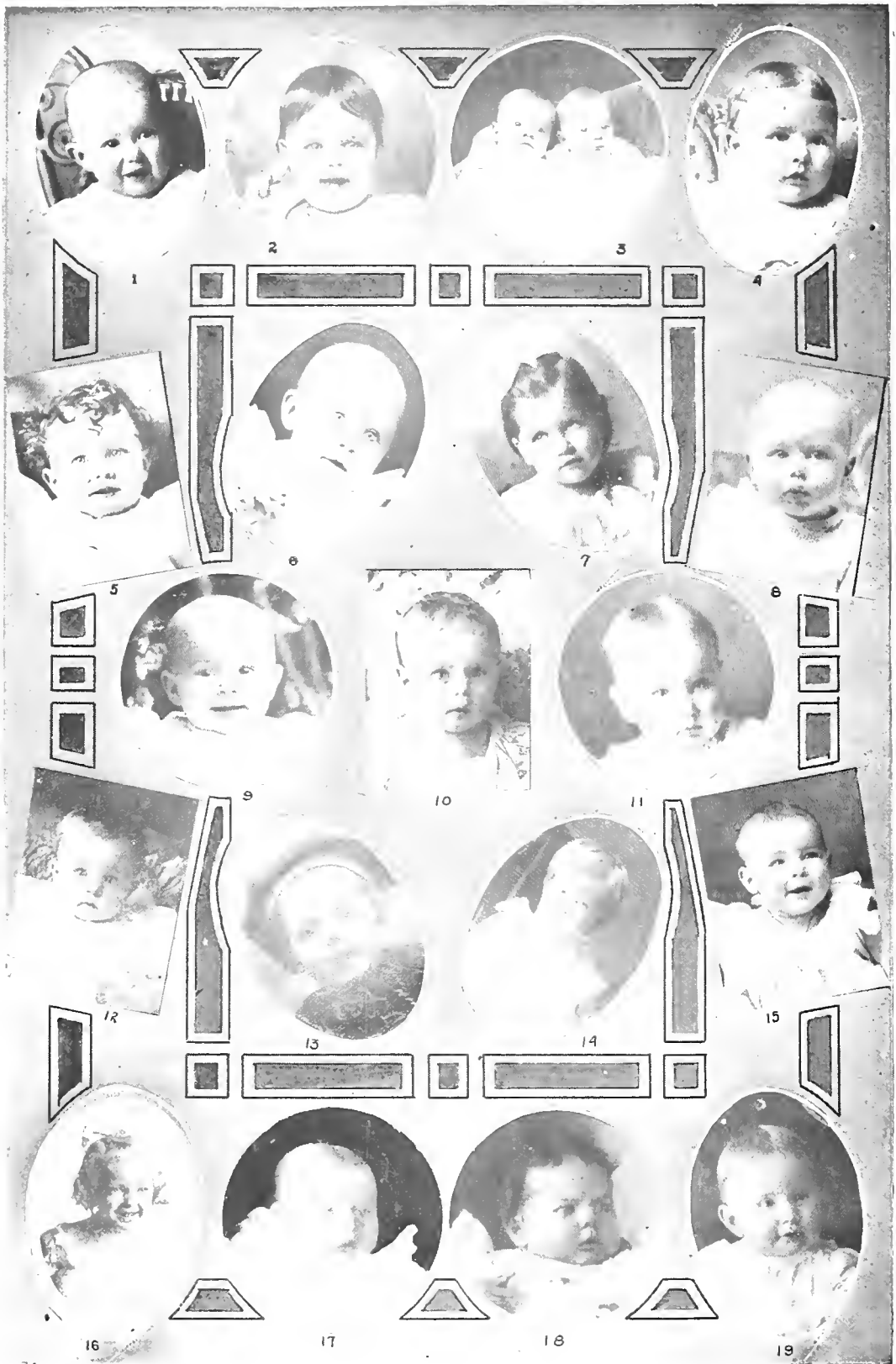
The head-lines of this morning's Hi-Life, which has replaced the Tribune as the leading newspaper of Great Falls, stated that Kathleen Lenny of the class of '21 has made her fortune by striking oil in her silver mine at Neihart.

P. S. In the month of After-a-While. One such trip is enough for me! Hereafter, I believe I'll stay home and behave myself. I intend to build a small white cottage, buy a parrot, find a cat, and live in single blessedness (?) forever and a day.

RUTH WALKER.



A HOUSE DIVIDED





Reasons Why I Came to High School

- Alice Arnold—"To waste four years of my life."
 Julia Arthur—"To develop my speaking abilities."
 Helen Auerbach—"Wanted to learn something for a change."
 Paul Arndt—"I had to."
 Mike Anderson—"To give the teachers a steady job."
 Alfred Brownson—"To make the teachers miserable."
 Bertha Barrett—"No place else to go."
 Norman Banta—"To stretch my brains."
 Dorothy Bridgeman—"Everyone else goes."
 Ellis Bergstrom—"Drifted in with the crowd."
 Lydia Bell—"To fill space."
 William Baker—"To keep the teachers from going on a strike."
 Ernest Balyear—"By chance, not choice."
 Bernice Babb—"To get to walk to school with Frank."
 Dorothy Coy—"For knowledge, of course."
 (?)
 Enoch Chellquist—"Gravitation."
 Eva Chellquist—"Ma said so."
 Bill Charteris—"To get a reputation."
 Fanny Callaway—"Orders from Headquarters."
 Minnie Croteau—"Glad I didn't make the laws."
 Olive Crow—"No place also to go or have to do something."
 Dorothy Cunningham—"Just had to."
 Sarah Cox—"Ambition draws me with a flail."
 Janet Carlson—"Because I wanted to be a teacher."
 Jean Cowan—"Nothing else to do."
 Dorothy Carlson—"Why ask me?"
 Eileen Dawson—"Couldn't help myself. I was sent."
 Lillian Doyra—"To prepare for my life's work."
 Phyllis Davison—"Who knows?"
 Alice Dickson—"Nothing else to do until it's time to get married."
 Iva Duncan—"To have fun."
 Eleanor Edmondson—"Mother said so."
 Lucy Eberl—"Prepare for the future."
 Vivian Estes—"Orders."
 Russell Ferron—"To learn to earn."
 Clark Fergus—"To giggle away my time."
 Chauncey Ferguson—"To instruct the faculty."
 Eugene Graybeal—"To play with the girls."
 Frank Houle—"To keep Bernice company."
 Walter Hoag—"To play football."
 Carl Korpi—"To get an education."
 Evelyn Hagen—"Nothing more interesting to do."
 Bob Jorgenson—"To grow out of my infancy."
 Doris Kennedy—"Law of the universe."
 Helen Kennedy—"Had to."
 Marie Knutson—"To cultivate my brain power."
 Irene Leavitt—"To get rid of a few years."
 Dorothy Lebetreau—"Come to me and I will tell you."
 Kathleen Lenny—"To get a wrist watch."
 Ruth Lease—"Nothing else to do."
 Helen Lake—"Home Rule."
 Evelyn Lord—"To exercise my brain."
 Fay Miller—"For adventure."
 Ben McNair—"To find out what I don't know."
 Kenneth McIver—"Because I intend to become a great man."
 Peter Marzetta—"To quarrel with the teachers."
 Gerald Mock—"No other place to go."
 Frank Monroe—"To ornament the halls."
 Millie Moses—"Didn't want to be a boob all my life."
 Jessie Moorhead—"To get away from the ranch."
 Mary Mader—"Because it's popular."
 Helen Noble—"It was necessary."
 Stanley Oliver—"To find out how much I didn't know."
 Madeline Olinger—"Cause my dad's bigger'n I am."
 Enmit O'Brien—"?-!-?-*." Censored.
 Helen Oakland—"I don't know."
 Du Wayne Oakland—"Don't ask me."
 Clarice Pappin—"Because I had to."
 Lavora Pophal—"Go to high school and the world goes with you. Stay home and you stay alone."
 Verna Pohlad—"Pass away the time."
 Arch Riley—"I'll never tell."
 Mildred Rydell—"Case of hafta."
 Olga Rehall—"To gain some worldly knowledge."
 Elliott Roberts—"Natural course of events."
 Marjorie Swain—"To see if there really is anything I do not know."
 Guy Shaw—"To keep the teachers company."
 Aurora Shilling—"So I could receive a higher education and be better fitted for the business world."
 Hollis Sanford—"Still wondering."
 Opal Stone—"Cause I wanted to."
 Marian Townsend—"For a good time. (State Law)."
 John Taylor—"Sharks are found in schools."
 Pauline Tearland—"To obtain knowledge."
 Ruth Walker—"Papa said so."
 Winifred Wynn—"Who knows, I don't."
 Floyd Wergeland—"To get the best out of the worst."
 Jennings Wergland—"Cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with an education."
 Lonnie Wall—"Didn't know any better."
 Dorothy Woods—"Dad said so."
 Nellie Wilson—"To get an education."
 Ray Wagner—"Curiosity."
 Wilfred Wooley—"Thought I was getting something easy."
 Margaret Vogel—"To be advised."

Ailments of Seniors

Alice Arnold—Laziness.
 Paul Arndt—Foodcaritis.
 Mike Anderson—Procastination.
 Helen Auerbach—Billybakeris.
 Julia Arthur—Anti-boy-mania.
 Alfred Brownson—Iamitica.
 Bertha Barrett—Hungriness.
 Norman Banta—Toomuch giggleitis.
 Dorothy Bridgeman—Tellallaboutitis.
 Ellis Bergstrom—Drawmuchorum.
 Lydia Bell—Muchredhairitis.
 William Baker—Toomuchhelenarum.
 Ernest Balyeat—Iknowalotus.
 Bernice Babb—Toomuchboyabus.
 William Charteris—Severebroadcastmileism.
 Sarah Cox—Bigeyeibus.
 Dorothy Coy—Correcting English Papers.
 Enoch Chellquist—Headache.
 Eva Chellquist—Playing Basketball.
 Fannie Callaway—Superboylicketionness.
 Minnie Croteau—Silensiatis.
 Dorothy Cunningham—Silentorum.
 Janet Carlson—Shyness.
 Jean Cowan—Artisticness.
 Dorothy Carlson—Excessive Modestia.
 Eileen Dawson—Rheumatism of the Brain.
 Lillian Doyra—A little Voicorum.
 Phyllis Davison—Skin Disease (Dimpleitis)
 Alice Dickson—Bobibus.
 Iva Duncan—Flirting.
 Eleanor Edmonson—Tight Shoes.
 Lucy Eberel—Blushing.
 Vivian Estes—Overwork.
 Russel Ferron—Toolittlespeedysa.
 Chauncey Ferguson—Nevergrowtallibus.
 Frank Houle—Berniceibus.
 Walter Hoag—Superfatibus.
 Evelyn Hagen—Jazzitis.
 Doris Kennedy—Smilealot.
 Robert Jorgensen—Latehourism.
 Helen Kennedy—Gigglealamea.
 Marie Knutson—Tooladylikeibus.

Helen Lake—Makeabignoiseosis.
 Irene Levitte—Sudden Headachorum.
 Dorothy Liebetrau—Lookinforma speech-
 orum.
 Ruth Lease—Toomuchernestness.
 Evelyn Lord—Laughalot.
 Fay Miller—Andante.
 Ben McNair—Hoorayitis.
 Kenneth McIver—Don'tcareadamski.
 Peter Marzetti—Awfullotashort.
 Frank Monroe—Temporia.
 Gerald Mock—Osobashfultaria.
 Mary Mader—Brainfeverus.
 Mildred Moses—Losingmyvoicibus.
 Helen Noble—Talkeritis.
 Stanley Oliver—Basketballium.
 Madeline Olinger—Studying.
 Emmitt O'Brien—Mumps.
 Helen Oakland—Gout.
 DuWayne Oakland—Soreyitis.
 Arthur Peterson—Toomuchbeditis.
 Clarice Pappin—Sorepedibus.
 Levora Pophal—Speechmakium.
 Verna Pohlod—Severe Blushitis.
 Archie Riley—Automobilitis.
 Mildred Rydell—Frecklesonfacium.
 Elliott Roberts—Growingtallibus.
 Olga Rehall—Muchtalkium.
 Marjorie Swain—Herwalkibus.
 Guy Shaw—Localspell wrongenzia.
 Aurora Schilling—Featuritibus.
 Opal Stone—Perfectionum.
 John Taylor—Studvitibus.
 Margaret Vogel—Redhairitis.
 Winnifred Wynn—Palezerimus.
 Jennings Wergland—Mumperitius.
 Lonnie Wall—Crooked Memory.
 Floyd Wergland—Nonsenseitis.
 Dorothy Woods—Shivering in Room 4.
 Nellie Wilson—Non-staccatoious.
 Ray Wagner—Bashfulness.
 Wilfred Wooley—Dreameratum.

SUPERLATIVE DEGREES

Aristocratic—Julia Arthur.
 Lazy—Mike Anderson.
 Democratic—Walter Hoag.
 Hungry—Marion Townsend.
 Slangy—Fannie Callaway.
 Sprinter—Alfred Brownson.
 Artistic—Jean Cowan.
 Bluffer—Ben McNair.
 Bashful—Hollis Sanford.
 Cute—Bernice Babb.
 Dignified—Julia Arthur.
 Knocker—Archie Riley.
 Literary—John Taylor.
 Conceited—Helen Auerbach.
 Orator—John Taylor.
 Optimist—Millie Moses.
 Poet—Chauncey Ferguson.
 Prettiest—Helen Auerbach.
 Slow—Norman Banta.
 Popular—Bernice Babb.
 Studious—John Taylor.
 Athletic—Walter Hoag.
 Biggest Kid—Sam McClure.
 Best Dancer—Pauline Taarland.

PIPPA PASSES

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at eleven;
 The lessons are cruel;
 The teacher's in a rage;
 The Dubb's in his seat;
 Mr. Cook's not in his office—
 All's right with the school.
 SHAKATAIL. '24.

THE HI-LIFE

The Hi-Life is a classy sheet.
 To us it gives the news complete.
 The school considers it a treat
 Don't miss the "Hi-Life" once a week
 It gives some queer and funny jokes
 Of teachers, students, and other folks.
 Of sports where games are won and lost
 Don't miss "Hi-Life" at any cost.
 —Elizabeth Wilson

Opinions of Last Year

- Alice Arnold—"The worst is yet to come."
 Julia Arthur—"A moderate pace for a long race."
 Helen Auerbach—"All good things must end."
 Paul Arndt—"Learned more this year than in the last three."
 Mike Anderson—"Of all the last years I have spent in school, this is the best."
 Alfred Brownson—"All right except for the books."
 Bertha Barrett—"All's well that ends well."
 Norman Banta—"The last though far from the least."
 Dorothy Bridgeman—"All's well that ends well, so why worry?"
 Ellis Berstrom—"Best of all."
 Lydia Bell—"Gone but not forgotten."
 William Baker—"Sweet, simple and girlish."
 Ernest Balyeat—"It couldn't be beat, but thank heaven, it's over."
 Bernice Babb—"I'm glad it only comes once in a life time."
 Dorothy Coy—"Not much pep, but one never to be forgotten."
 Enoch Chellquist—"It comes but once in a life time."
 Era Chellquist—"The misery is over, so why comment."
 Olive Crow—"I'm still floating."
 Sarah Cox—"The end crowns the work."
 William Charteris—"Best in the long run."
 Fannie Callaway—"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread."
 Minnie Croteau—"Don't mention it?!!!"
 Dorothy Cunningham—"Even I regain my freedom with a sigh."
 Janet Carlson—"The last was the best."
 Jean Cowan—"A great deal of work and a great deal of play."
 Dorothy Carlson—"Courage, we may survive."
 Eileen Dawson—"It could have been worse."
 Lillian Doyra—"Just a sample of the hard work to follow."
 Phyllis Davison—"Not so worse."
 Alice Dickson—"The end of a perfect ?!?"
 Iva Duncan—"You tell 'em pie, you've got the crust."
 Eleanor Edmonson—"Survival of the fittest."
 Lucy Eberl—"I'll never forget it."
 Vivian Estes—"What could be worse."
 Russel Ferron—"Work, worry and work."
 Chauncey Ferguson—"If I could only do it again."
 Clark Fergus—"I almost wish there was another."
 Eugene Graybeal—"The best class in the world."
 Frank Houle—"Glad it's over."
 Walter Hoag—"Never more."
 Evelyn Hagen—"I'll never tell."
 Robert Jorgenson—"It was 'howling success."
 Carl Korpi—"It is a pity to leave."
 Doris Kennedy—"Everybody knows, so what's the use."
 Helen Kennedy—"Come to me and I'll tell you."
 Marie Knutson—"Best of all the game."
 Helen Lake—"From '16 to '21, the last is the only one."
 Irene Levitte—"Short and snappy."
 Ruth Lease—"Nuff said."
 Dorothy Liebetrau—"All too short."
 Margaret Vogel—"One, two, three, four, sometimes I wish there were more."
 Kathleen Lenny—"All right in its way but it doesn't weigh much."
 Evelyn Lord—"It could have been worse."
 Fay Miller—"Of all the years, it was the best."
 Ben McNair—"Do you think it pays?"
 Kenneth McIver—"The longer I live, the better I like it."
 Peter Marzetta—"The worst is yet to come."
 Gerald Mock—"It could be better and it could be worse."
 Frank Monroe—"My very chains and I grew friends."
 Mildred Moses—"It nearly 'cooked my goose."
 Jessie Morehead—"Don't ask me."
 Mary Mader—"Never again."
 Helen Noble—"Last but best."
 Stanley Oliver—"A little more would go fine."
 Madeline Olinger—"It was a great year, nevertheless, notwithstanding thus."
 Emmett O'Brien—"Too early to give opinions."
 Helen Oakland—"It would have been fine if it weren't for the four solids."
 DuWayne Oakland—"It was a hum-dinger."
 Clarice Pappin—"Won't hurt my feelings when it's over."
 Levora Pophall—"1, 2, 3, 4, I'm glad there are no more."
 Verna Pohlad—"Gone but not forgotten."
 Archie Riley—"Could have been shorter."
 Mildred Rydell—"Suspense is awful."
 Olga Rehall—"It could be worse."
 Elliott Roberts—"Busiest year in my life."
 Hollis Sanford—"Looks best over my shoulder."
 Opal Stone—"My hair is white, 'tis with this year."
 Marjorie Swain—"It's a great life if — —"
 Guy Shaw—"The peppess year of all."
 Aurora Shilling—"Shortest year of all."
 Pauline Taarland—"The most serious part of my life."
 John Taylor—"The hardest nut to crack but full of more surprises than a Christmas box."

Marion Townsend—"Nuff said."

Ruth Walker—"Lux requires no scrubbing."

Winnifred Wynn—"Might have been better and might have been worse."

Jenning Wergland—"Great!"

Lonnie Wall—"Can't find out."

Dorothy Woods—"The dessert."

Nellie Wilson—"Can never forget it."

Ray Wagner—"Goodbye, good luck, come again."

Floyd Wergland—"The last was the only one."

Wilfred Wooley—"Was there ever such another?"

Las Minas De Cerro De Pasco

Las Minas de Cerro de Pasco son conocidos por todo el mundo por el mucho tiempo que han sido trabajado y por los metales tan ircos.

Cerro de Pasco es el Anaconda del Peru, llamada por la Mina Anaconda en Butte que es la mas grande mina de cobre en los Estados Unidos. Cerro de Pasco esta situado 14,300 pies sobre el nivel del mar los Andes peruanos. Desde el ano 1,630 las minas han sido trabajado y han producido aproximadamente 450,000,000 onzas de Plata. A pocos anos de 1630 fue necesario cerrar las minas por motivo de tanto agua. En el ano 1870 el Gobierno gasto \$43,000,000 en la construccion del Feerro-carril Central de Callao a Oroya, a 83 millas de las minas de Cerro de Pasco. Eso facilito la transportacion de maquinaria para desaguar las minas. Pues Henry Miegs resolvió explorar las minas y empleo un tunel para desaguar a 150 pies a bajo de las excavaciones. La empresa de Hearst-Haggen-Mills adquirio las minas en el ano de 1890. Esta compania construyo el Ferro carril de Oroya a Cerro y lo extendieron a las minas de carbon de coyllarisquaga y Quishuarcancha. Tambien edificaron un horno muy grande donde fundieron los metales y se llama La Fundicion.

Los Cholos, quienes son nativos de Cerro y la vecinidad, trabajan en las minas y reciben 75 centavos diario. (Hay como 1300-1700 hombres empleados. En ocho las minas han producido 340,000,000 libras de cobre, 19,802,000, onzas de plata, y 155,200, onzas de oro).

MARGARET VOGEL.

Une Incident De La Grand Guerre

Pierre etait de garde. L'eau etait jusqu'aux genoux dans les tranchées; une bruine froide mouillait Pierre et le faisait frissonner.

Tout a coup il entendit le cliquet distinct qu'on entend quand on coupe le fil-de-fer. Le son etait tres pres de lui. Cette coupure de fil-de-fer preceda toujours une grande attaque. Il comprenait donc que l'ennemi avait l'intention d'en faire une bientot.

Pierre alla tout de suite au commandant du groupe et lui dit ce qui venait d'arriver.

Deux mois apres, Pierre recut la croix de guerre pour avoir decouvert les plans de l'ennemi avant que la grande offensive allemande eut commence et pour son courage dans la bataille qui suivit et dans laquelle il etait gravement blesse.

HOWARD W. BEERS, '22.



TWINS—(Smiles—If Possible)

Oh, the twins have made us happy,
Oh, the twins have made us glad,
But those twins have ruined all our
slumbers,
Till at time we think we shall go mad.
Oh, if twins would only just come
singly,
Say, at best, a year or two apart,
But we smile, for, Lordy—how we
love them,
Glad we got 'em, bless each twinny's
heart.

—As sung by Mr. Cook

THE JANITOR'S SONG

It's time to sweep the floor, boys
The brooms are on the stand
We must have cleaner schools, boys
And thus a fairer land.

Chorus

Dip, boys, dip the brush
Bid fairwell to the filth and dust
Free our schools shall be
From all dirt as you may see.

(2nd verse to be sung flippantly)

Just flip the dust about, boys
Just shut your eyes and blow
We don't care where it lights, boys
Just move it to and fro.

Chorus

Flip, boys, flip the rag
Let's move the germy dust
Let this be our brag
We'll move every germ, or bust.

Printing is usually done by hand,
but we have seen many a footprint.

Miss Stone—"It requires a good
many hard knocks to become a good
writer."

A. R.—"Jiggs had ought to start
producing soon."

Can you imagine Miss Van Dyke
speaking in the key of C?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

1. If Ken McIver kept his temper.
2. If Archie Riley came to school without his matches?
3. If Helen Lake had to stand out any dances?
4. If Miss Stone couldn't find an expressive name for us?
6. If John Taylor fell in love?
7. If Fan Callaway turned down the boys?
8. If Billy Baker forgot to look at Helen?
9. If Ben McNair pressed his trousers?
10. If Bill Gonser missed all the baskets?
11. If Bernice Babb didn't wait for Frank at noon?
12. If Balyeat couldn't argue?
13. If Elliott Roberts couldn't get his Math?
14. If Hollis wasn't so bashful?
15. If Millie couldn't smile?
16. If the Physics class missed its daily lunch?
17. If Mike Anderson didn't wear his hair net?
18. If Ruth Walker ever swore?
19. If Dorothy Bridgeman and Lewellan were separated?
20. If Mugs Vogel dyed her hair?
21. If Charley Brown were as wide as he is long?

Freshman: "Oh, look at that funny man, mother he's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel"

How far can a cinnamon roll?
About as far as a tomato can

Miss Stone: "Does it take brains to be an alderman?"

T. Morris: "Yes."

Miss S.: "No it takes votes."

H. T. (at basketball game) "I wish there was some place I could sit down."

B. Mc.: "I wish I were a little boulder."

IDEAL SENIOR GIRLS

Nose—Doris Foster.
Feet—Fannie Callaway.
Mouth—Ruth Walker.
Dancing—Pauline Taarland.
Complexion — All detachable — Mary Garden variety.
Height—Margaret Vogel.
Eyes—Evelyn Hagen.
Disposition—Opal Stone.
Hair—Marion Townsend.
Voice—Bernice Babb.
Teeth—Irene Levitte.
Hands—Eleanor Edmondson.
Smile—Doris Kennedy.



My Automobile and I

Literary critics may wonder why I give my automobile preference in the title. The reason is a good one. The fact is, it was not my affair at all. Friend Liz (my automobile's nickname) decided the matter herself. I am going to enumerate some of her eccentricities.

I bought her from a farmer for a song. She was in a bad state of health and had been in the hospital with an unknown disease for some time. I hired an ambulance and took her home, put her in the operating room and proceeded to operate. After a careful inspection of her organisms, I decided that outside of a few spark plugs, connecting rods, valves, tires, a radiator and timer, she wasn't so badly off. I procured the necessities, installed them, and closed up the wound. She started fine but had an awful cough. Knowing that it might lead to pneumonia, I proceeded to dig the inflammation out of her spark plugs. It would surprise you how quickly she convalesced and was anxious to be away.

For perhaps a month following her operation, Liz showed no signs of returning disease. Then one cold morning, when I went out to take her for her morning spin, I found her in a serious condition. Her bedroom had not been warm enough the preceding night and she had suffered from the cold. She had frozen her radiator again and had developed a serious leakage of the carburetor. One of the tires had caught such a cold that the air intake had contracted bronchitis. As a result it had died from lack of air. To say the least, she was very badly off and would require another operation and a new inflation of one of her pneumatic vermiform appendages.

As near as I could make out, she was doomed to a long confinement. I was thoroughly disgusted with her for being so careless, but she was utterly powerless to help herself, so I set about to apply the necessary treatment and remedy. I was forced to send her radiator to a specialist. The other maladies I doctored successfully myself, and in about a week she was running around in perfect health.

I invited a few friends to take an airing one bright morning. Liz was feeling fit as a fiddle and we started out in great shape. I had chosen a rather dangerous road to show off Liz's prowess. The road had about a twenty-foot drop of on one side and it was quite rough. Well, to make a long story short, we hit a rut and Liz started down over the bank. She evidently had had rheumatism in her steering gear that I hadn't cured and it caused her to turn her steering knuckle. The occupants, including myself, were getting ready to jump when she turned over, but here is where her trickery comes in: instead of turning over she went down as if she were on skates, met with a barbed wire fence and stopped to wait for us. We got in and came home with Liz feeling as fine as ever. From that time on she came first.

ARCH RILEY.

SEASON TICKETS
for the District Basketball
Tournament will save you
money.

The HI-LIFE

CAN YOU WRITE
some good stories for the
Roundup? It needs them.

Edited and Published Weekly by the News-Writing Class of the Great Falls High School

Vol. 1

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, FEBRUARY 21, 1921

No. 2

GIRLS' CLUB AND THE AQUILA GIVE ENTERTAINMENT FRIDAY

**Correct and Incorrect Cos-
tumes Shown; Barrie
Play is Given**

The Girls club gave a novel entertainment, "The Correct Thing," Friday night which was both instructive and entertaining. The program consisted of music, a complete play, and a revue of correct styles for high schools girls at all seasons. The departments of the high school which were largely responsible for the success of the show were the home economics manual training, gymnasium, dramatic art and musical departments.

The program was opened by several musical selections. The high school chorus, consisting of 40 voices, sang three selections. This was followed by the 16-piece orchestra. A sextette composed of Margaret Vogel, Vivian Tucker, Irene Levitt, Mollie Rustwood, Rachel Cleveland, Ruth Lease and Bernice Babb sang "Mandolin and Moonlight." Graham Smith gave a violin solo which completed the musical program. All music was under the direction of Miss Nell Kinsey. Norma Clem and Marjorie Connor were the pianists.

Barrie Play Given
"The Will" by J. M. Barrie was given by the Senior dramatic club, the Aquila. The play covered three periods, the reigns of Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George. Those in the cast were Elliott Roberts, William Chartaris, John Taylor, Leora Pophal, Pophal, Wilfred Woolley, Clark Fergus and Eugene Graybeal.

"The Correct Thing" was preceded by a prologue which was read by Sarah Haight. She read introductions to each act which were clever parodies on Shakespeare. The first feature showed the correct apparel for every day school wear. Autumn and winter costumes were shown by Doris Foster, Martha Saltee, Marjorie McCrae, Helen Lake, Helen Auerbach, Anastasia Meeks, Vona Drinen, Isabel Graff and Joy Noble. Appropriate spring and summer dresses were also shown. All these dresses were made in the first semester sewing classes. The girls who appeared in these were Bernice Babb, Dorothy Carlson, Lillian Carlson, Lillian Conas, Opal Stone and Betty Prentice.

Costumes for Cooking
The second feature showed the correct and incorrect costumes for the cooking laboratory. Virginia Bondy, Frances Loftus, Madeline Metzel and Elaine Steward appeared dressed attractively but in costumes which were unsuitable for wear in the cooking laboratory. Ruth Hillstrand, Thelma Wright, Ours Charland and Laura Haugen showed the correct costumes for this purpose. Irene Scil appeared as Old

(Continued on page 61)

WIRELESS TO OREGON

**Eugene Amateur Picks Up
Great Falls Signal**

Mervin Elton, amateur wireless "bug" received a letter Wednesday from Milton P. Kaupali, in Eugene, Oregon, telling that last Sunday he received the radio signal which is Elton's.

The record is considering that a one-half mile has been covered for length of time into communication and rounding up going to send of the state it is to be held. It is doubtful hear them on a interference by other.

Helen D. Condition of who sustained a fall in 10 days so will probably be a hospital and

CORRECT THING FOR H. S. WE



Sarah Haight

PLAN TABLET. ARMY DEAD

The school board proposes to take immediate action concerning a memorial tablet to be erected in honor of the boys of the high school alumni who lost their lives in the service. This measure, sure, the high school board is nearly a



Lewistown, Cascade are expected a good fight for the winner of the series will go to Bozeman to the state tournament, March 9, 10, 11 and 12.

CALENDAR

Monday evening—Boys' club, room 9
Tuesday — Holiday, Washington's birthday.
Wednesday evening — Boys' Senate, room 9
Elimination contest for extemporaneous speaking
Wednesday evening — Girls' Forum, room 7
Elimination contest for extemporaneous speaking
Wednesday evening — History club, room 8
Thursday — District basketball tournament opens (three days)
Saturday morning — District extemporaneous speaking contest, room 30.
March 4 — Junior party.
March 11 — Freshman party.
March 18 — Boys' club party.
March 19 to 23 — Easter holidays.
April 1 — Sophomore party.
April 8 — Junior-Senior party.
April 15 — Girls' Forum party.

HELENA WINS TWO GAMES FROM GREAT FALLS TEAM

**SENIOR GIRLS CHAMPS
Interclass Tourney Brings
Upper Class Victory**

The final game of the girls' basketball tournament, which resulted in a victory for Helena, was played Saturday night. The game was a close one, with Helena leading 21 to 14 and coming over to Great Falls to capture a 22 to 21 victory Saturday night.

Saturday night's game on Great Falls own floor was spectacular and speedy. The contest was stubbornly fought throughout and accompanied by innumerable brilliant plays by both teams, although fouling was frequent on both sides. The game started viciously and continued so until the last minute. Little time was lost by foul plays and seldom did the players "muff" the ball. The guarding on both teams was good and the players clung to the ball so tenaciously that shooting from the center of the floor was frequent although small gain was made by either quintet by this method.

The first score was made by Bjorkman, Great Falls, on a foul. Helena made the first basket from in front of the hoop about three minutes after the game had started.

The first long basket was made by Brown, Helena, from the side line about half way down the floor, and was followed by a spectacular ringer by Gonsler who picked the ball off the floor from an entanglement of legs and feet and snapped a goal from the center. Gonsler made the last basket in the first half and the score stood 11 to 9 in favor of the locals and Clark county appreciation.

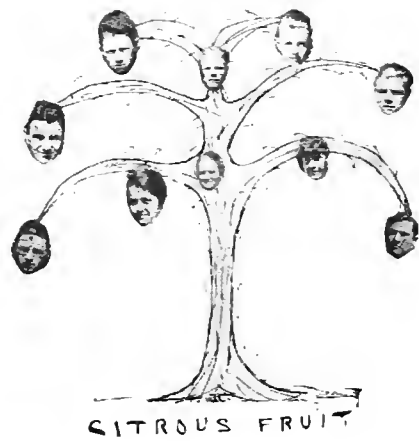
Late in the last half the score stood at a 19 to 14 tie but Kain, Helena, made a brilliant basket from the center of the floor which was followed by a ringer by Gonsler, Great Falls. With the score tied again at 21, Great Falls took 1 and Helena scored the winning point.

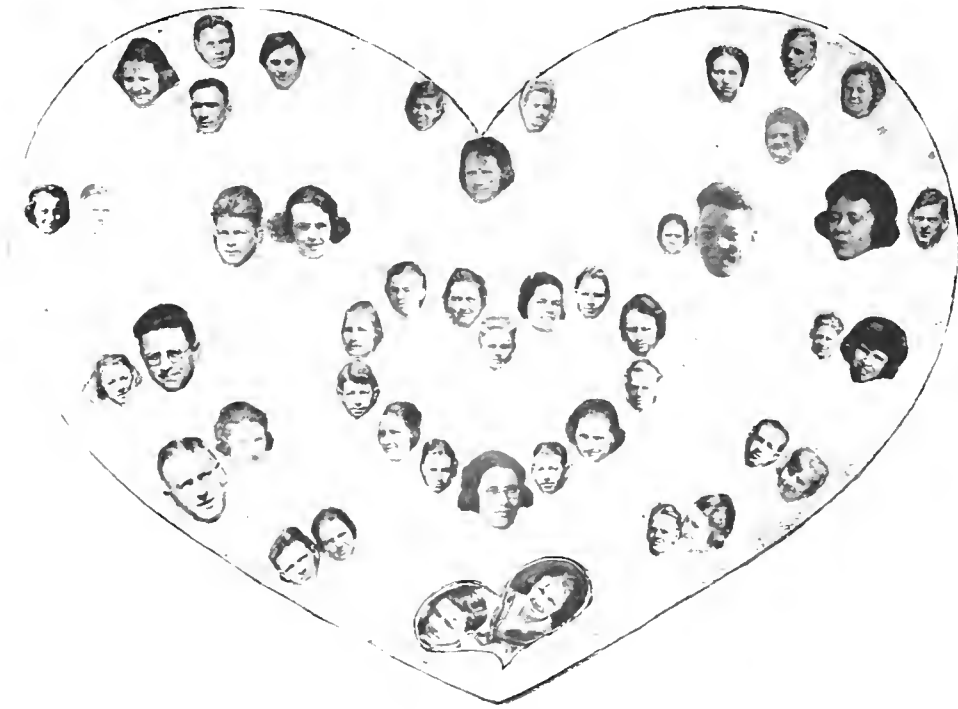
Powen and Kain of Helena starred in their remarkable team work and short passing throughout the game while Shaw and Houg did the same for Great Falls.

The score
Helena—
Weimer, rf 2 1 5
Noel, lf 0 0 0
Erikson, rf 3 1 7
Kain, c 2 0 4
Brown, rg, 2 0 6
Kuehn, lg 0 0 0
Total 10 2 22
Great Falls—
Gonsler, rf 2 0 6
Baker, lf 1 0 2
Bjorkman, c 2 7 11
Haug, rg 1 0 2
Shaw, lg 0 0 0
Total 7 7 21
(Continued on page 51)



Bernice Babb





Charles Brown to His Lady Love

1

Upbraid me not! I never swore
Eternal love to thee;
For thou art only five feet high
And I am six feet three.
I wonder dear, how you supposed
That I could look so low;
There's many a one can tie a knot
Who cannot tie a beau.

2

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain's scarcely fair;
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But there's the horrid bore,
My friends declare if you are one,
That I at least am four!

3

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That love has got no eyes;
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?

And on our wedding day, I'm sure
I'll leave you in the lurch
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church!

4

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm
But pray excuse me, if I hint
A sort of fond alarm,
That when I offered you my arm,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be
To take me by the leg!

5

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,
I ask no parting kiss;
I must not break my back to gain
So exquisite a bliss!
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower;
The tears that fall from such a height
Would be a thunder shower.

—Eloise Steward

Boyibus kissibus swetta girlorum
Girlibus likibus wanta someorum
Paibus hearibus enter parlorum

Kickibus boyibus outa the dorum
Nightibus darkibus non lamporum
Climbibus fencibus pantibus torum.

—Ex.



Beauty Doctor

Dear Dr. Spoof: I am afflicted with polka dots on the nose and adjoining territory. Kindly advise me as to removal of same. Ray Wagner.

Dear Ray: Boil plain, unadulterated tar to the consistency of thick molasses. When coolish spread thickly over the afflicted portions of your physiognomy and allow to remain for one week. You will find the polka dots adhering to the cuticle on the inside of the tar mask.

Dear Dr. Spoof: I am a Senior and find that my head no longer fits my hat. In fact, my head, to speak confidentially, is larger than it has been to date and I am wondering if the swelling is cause for alarm. Arch Riley.

Dear Archibald: Do not be alarmed. Your condition is quite usual among those of your class, particularly at this time of the year. You will find that after you have applied for a job or two, you will be able to wear any ordinary hat.

Dear Dr. Spoof: I feel so prone to inordinate laughter—so bubbly at times that I sometimes fear all is not well with me. Is my condition dangerous? William Charteris.

Dear Billium: Indeed your condition should be given immediate attention. There is nothing to laugh about. If you were of the gentler sex I should recommend Lydia, but seeing that you are as you are you had better try Tanlac. We

have heard on good authority that many never laugh again after the second bottle.

Dear Dr. Spoof: My nose is too short. All great women have had large noses. I am going to be a great woman so I must have a longer nose. Kindly advise me. Ruth Walker.

Dear Retrousse: We recommend a flat iron on the end of a string on the end of a clothes pin. Wear this only in the seclusion of your own home. Do not allow patient No. 3 to see you.

Dear Dr. Spoof: I can't keep still. I must be either talking, chewing gum, waving my arms about, or walking to and fro, hither and yon. Is this normal? I don't mind it, but others seem to. Robert Warden.

Dear Perpetual Motion: Try sleeping at night. Also retire to some quiet secluded spot for an hour or two each day and repeat at five minute intervals "Peace, Quiet, Peace, Quiet."

Dear Dr. Spoof: I would not confess this to anyone but you, but I have a dimple that must be removed, as the girls will not let me alone. What can I do? Carl Korpi.

Dear Kewpi: Wear your gum there.

Dear Dr. Spoof: Have an appearance of baldness about the ears. This makes it awkward for me as these appendages are of extra good size and the amount of attention they attract necessitates a cleanliness that I simply haven't time for. Kenneth Melver.

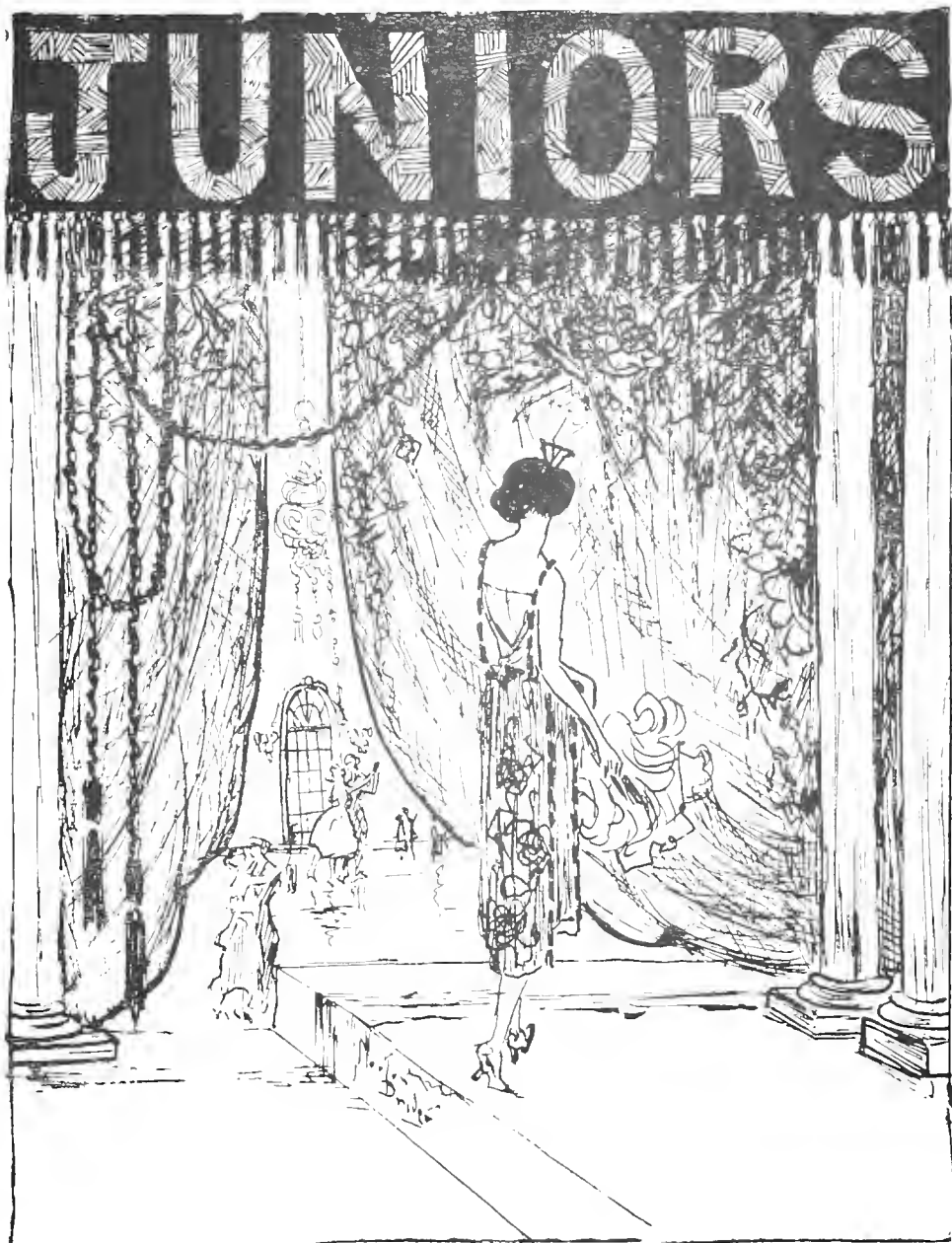
Dear Kenneth: Try dog mange-cure, or you might give Nature a chance.

Dear Dr. Spoof: I want hair. I want gobs of hair like M. Vogel. I will do anything you tell me to if you will only promise quick results. Clarice Pappin.

Dear Clarice: For quick results go to Mme. Z. B. Jones. Or we recommend the following tonic: I part mange cure and fill up the bottle with H. S. Eat carrots while applying and be sure to lock the door.

Dear Dr. Spoof: I want to be tall. I wear high heels and think of elevating things but it seem to add not a cubit to my stature. Pete Marzetta.

Dear Tiny Tim: Keep an eye on Charlie Brown and perhaps you can find out how he does it. Also I recommend a teaspoonfull of plain Xamoploseed seven times a day. It has been said, on good authority, that hanging by the neck for an hour a day lengthens one. Try these and report results.





JUNIOR OFFICERS

EVELYN STANLEY, Vice President JOE LIVERS, President

WM. HODGES, Secretary

SARAH HAIGHT, Treasurer

Class History

Those of us who remained after the terrifying examinations of our Sophomore year returned one hundred and fifty strong to honor (?) the High School another year with our presence. As soon as the class was in "full swing" for the coming year, we assembled to elect our class officers. Chosen to lead the class of '22 through its Junior year were Joe Livers, president; Evelyn Stanley, vice president; Sarah Haight, treasurer; William Hodges, secretary; and Frank Wryn, cheer leader.

As a class, we have had our full share of social events this year. The first party was a Hallowe'en affair at which we entertained the

mighty and august Seniors and the faculty. Some of the Senior girls staged the witch scene from Macbeth for us, which was enjoyed immensely by all.

We held our next party on December third. Although this date was twenty-two whole days from Christmas, we had a Christmas tree, a Santa Claus, 'n everythin'. After refreshments were served, we all gathered 'round the tree to receive a present (which, by the way, we had to bring ourselves) and a big stick of peppermint candy.

Then along came our Junior play, which some of the class had been working for months on. Marvine Connor was the heroine and Victor Rowe played the part of hero. The play, thanks to Mrs. Huhn, was a "howlin' success."

Our last party was held March 4 in the gym, and it was the best yet. It was a mock banquet for the purpose of training some of the ignorant ones (according to Joe Livers) the ways of banquets. Richard Hart was chairman of the evening, and after dinner speeches were given by Miss Houliston, Joe Livers, Margaret Arthur, Victor Rowe and Sarah Haight.



At our Mock Banquet, our banner was presented to the class. All the Juniors believe it is at present the prettiest in the school. (The Seniors have failed to get it away from us as yet.)

We did our part in athletics by having a team out for everything, although neither the boys nor girls won any honors.

The Seniors entertained for the Junior class April 8. We had a very enjoyable time and appreciated the high honor of being entertained by the Seniors.

The class is now looking forward to the Junior "Prom," which will be given June 10. The whole class is going into the preparations with a will to make it the best "Prom" that ever bid a farewell to a Senior class from the Great Falls High School.

MARGARET ARTHUR.

The Class of Twenty-Two

(With Apologies to A. Lincoln)

Fourscore and seven weeks ago, dedicated and conceived in the idea of uplifting and boosting this noble institution to the full extent of our power, this ingenious class of '22 entered these halls of knowledge.

Now, we are gathering our forces and counting our numbers, for we are soon to be engaged in a great struggle, the undertaking of the Junior Prom. And lo! we discover that many have fallen by the wayside and we gather here to mourn and bewail their loss and that of their three dollars; for some have left our midst by request; others have sunk down into oblivion, otherwise known as the Class of '23, and we find that we, ourselves, have only a few more days to remain in your midst as Juniors. We here dedicate this epistle as a mark of recognition for those of us who have here spent three years of hard and earnest endeavor. It is altogether fitting and proper that we do this.

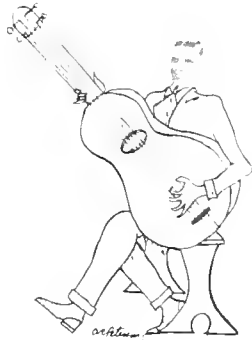
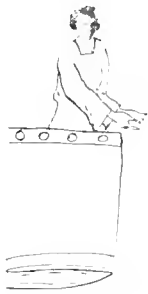
But in a larger sense, we cannot honor, we cannot "notorize," we cannot idolize this class. Many envious classes have idolized it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The school at large will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here, for eleven from our midst upheld the honor of the Blue and White upon the gridiron, three of our number did make and play upon the basketball team, and many track stars have we unearthed, and we at length have come to the conclusion that we have the best all-around bunch of femininity that was ever assembled in any class; and after a glance over the various happenings of this school in the last three years, whether in athletics, scholarships, spirit, enthusiasm, or wind-jamming in any activity whatever, the celebrated Class of '22 will be found at the head of the group, so that, having these things in mind, we think that this class of celebrities, by celebrities, and for celebrities, shall never perish from the well-known annals of history.

VICTOR H. ROWE.

RICHARD B. HART.





ODE TO THE SENIORS

O mighty Seniors! You have done well,
And your hearts, with rapture, will thrill;
When you think of the world before you,
And the mission you must fulfill.

But now that a time of parting,
Is drawing so very near;
The Juniors mourn the losing
Of those friendships they hold so dear.

The Class of Nineteen-twenty-one,
Has tried to do its best,
And, in an effort to succeed,
It has stood the highest tests.

Most worthy Class, you're well aware,
Of the tasks confronting you;
You will, we hope, in years to come,
Remember the white and blue.

We've always believed in your noble aims;
Though, at times, we have feigned to make
light
Of things that were really serious;
But we knew that the Seniors were right.

O, gentle Seniors! We much admire
The good deeds you have done;
So may this good old high of ours,
Praise the Class of 'twenty-one.

—JOHN E. MILLER.

MY CREDITS

"Oh where, oh where have my credits
gone?
Oh where, oh where can they be?
I've hunted all over the record books,
But not one glimpse did I see.

I rushed down to history and back up
to math,
But never a thing have I found.
The teachers gaze after me as I rush
by,
They think I am mentally unsound.

At last on a thought, I rush madly
home,
And nearly pull down the front
door—
I dash to my room and start digging
about
Here they are in my bureau drawer!"
"SHAKESPEARE" '21.

THE FINALS

Just before the finals, teacher,
I am thinking much of you,
At my seat I'm breathless watching
There's test paper within view.
Nervous friends around me sitting,
Filled with thoughts of why and
where;
For we know that by tomorrow
Some will wonder why they're there.

Farewell teacher, home I'm going,
Think of me as in you sail;
Won't you be my benefactor?
Stretch your heart so I won't fail.
"SHAKESPEARE" '21.

OUR COLORS

There's a school in the far Golden
West
Where the sunshine is ever bright,
It shines on our great brick school-
house,
And in our colors, Blue and White,
It brightens the faces of everyone,
And makes their hearts so light,
Oh! its great to go to old Great Falls,
'Neath the faithful Blue and White.
Many are those who have gone away
From other schools they write—
"Oh, I long to come back home, my
friends,
To be under that Blue and White."
Now let us give three lusty cheers,
Give them with all your might
Be thankful you're here in G. F.
High
Under our Blue and White.
"SHAKESPEARE" '21.

I want to be tough;
I want to smoke and chew;
I want to run around at night
As other fellows do.
—Lament by VIC ROWE.

The Bread and Butter Stimulus

Are we not all anxious to leave school too soon? We are wishing and praying for the time when we shall earn our own "bread and butter" and no longer depend upon our parents for support. We think of all the good times we shall have when we leave school, of all the money we want to spend, and of all the nice clothes we want to wear. We say to ourselves "What's the use of all the history, science, Latin, French and Spanish? We shall never use them." Very often our parents yield to our desire to leave school to go out into the world to earn money, before we have enough education to know what we want to do. The trouble is, we do not have high enough aims. We are thinking only of making a living and not of doing something to better civilization.

In the more progressive European countries, every educated person knows at least two languages. We should think more of studying the languages and the customs of other countries. Even if we do not have any use for the languages directly, they indirectly help us by broadening our views. We become interested in the countries where they are spoken and desire to know about the laws and customs of their people. It creates in us a desire to visit those countries. And, if one does travel abroad, his trip will be more enjoyable and beneficial if he knows the language and history of the country in which he travels. In this century, there is gradually coming to be an international feeling, a feeling of friendship and alliance with foreign nations, instead of one of hatred and distrust. In order to develop this feeling, we should stay in school and become acquainted with the people beyond our borders.

We should look further into the future and strive to attain a higher degree of civilization for the generations to come. If everyone had a high ideal and tried to make this world a better place to live in, there would be fewer failures, fewer homeless and uncared for children and less sorrow and discontent. Therefore, let us all have high ideals and prepare to better this world instead of making it worse.

HELEN CHRISTIAN, '22.



Are We Again Living in Queen Anne's Age?

Really, this age does resemble that of Queen Anne in several respects. There is a similarity between our dress, our mode of life, and our general behavior and those of that period.

Consider the style of hair dressing, for instance. Those puffs and waves surely remind us of Queen Anne and the ladies of her court. By pushing the high pompadour and side puffs worn so long ago to the back of the head and making them a trifle smaller, we have the style of the present age. Hair curling fluids were necessary at that time to prevent the curl from coming out and, often, were advertised in the circulars of the day. Similar advertisements are to be found in all modern periodicals.

Also our mode of dress resembles that quaint fashion of long ago. Low necks, ruffles, frills and puffs at the hips are almost as fashionable now as they were then. But, of course, we have no bustles.

Just notice how very popular the Queen Anne furniture is today. It can be found in almost any furniture store, and many homes are full of it.

We, too, are becoming careless in our manners and conversation. Among the upper classes as well as the lower, the language heard is often slangy and unrefined. We are very indifferent about the sort of "movies" and dramas we see at the theater.

Nevertheless there are many thinking people now-a-days who use the public press to set our minds running in the right channel and to raise our moral standards and habits of thought in the same way that Addison and Steele influenced the society people of their time through the columns of "The Tattler" and "The Spectator."

History does seem to "repeat itself."

MARGUERITE CHRISTIAN, '22.

"Exams"

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the High School halls there
passed
A youth with head bent o'er a book.
And in his eyes a haunted look—
Exams.

His brow was sad; his cheeks burned hot,
His brain held not a single thought,
For in it like a clarion rung
The word that fell from every tongue—
Exams.

In happy homes he saw the light
Of midnight oil now burning bright,
And though he did not feel alone
In misery, yet came the groan
Exams.

"Try not to cram," the teacher said,
"O bosh! there's nothing in my head,"
Exclaimed the youth in accents loud,
"Same here," was muttered through the
crowd.
Exams.

"Beware the scribbled notes on cuff,
Beware the oft repeated bluff,
'I know,' the teacher's words rang drear.
One sound beat in his pearly ear—
Exams.

The night was passed, the day dawned
bright
Yet fearful to his bleary sight.
His books in heaps around him spread,
Just one word stabbed his aching head—
Exams.

The hours fled, he lower bent
Above his paper smudged and rent,
With trembling hands and face harrassed,
"By heck," he breathed, "I hope I've passed."
Exams.

And in the twilight of that day,
Senseless but beautiful they lay,
The youth, his pals, the teachers, too,
They'd met and fought the bug-a-boo.—
Exams.

April 1st, 1921. With apologies to Long-
fellow.
—BEVERLY DAVIS

The Freshmen Go Camping

"Spots," said Ed to the Freshman with the two large freckles which cover almost his whole face, "what do you say to our going camping? We can go somewhere on Friday after school, sleep over night, and build a cabin on Saturday before we go home. Then, when Easter vacation comes, we can stay out all the week, and we can hunt and fish and everything."

"That's a go! We can get Spud and Percy, and have a lot of fun. We can go to Sun River park. There are a lot of trees there to make a cabin of, and we can swim and fish in the river. Let's get the other fellows," Spots said as he motioned toward Spud's home.

Spud said it would be fun, and Percy thought it would be grand, a bully idea, although he wasn't sure that his mother would let him go, but his dad might arrange it for him. His dad had lived in the west in the early days when Indians lurked about, and would probably let Percy take one of his guns. By that means they could get a few animals for food.

Friday rolled around. Percy's mother had given her consent, although she thought it a foolish idea to do such a thing. All the fellows went to Percy's house after school on Friday. All they needed, they carried on their backs. But weak, frail Percy had a wagon half full of stuff! Among other things, he had these in the wagon: A shotgun, a fishing rod, three blankets, hay for the horse, two pillows, two frying pans, a canteen of water (they intended to camp on the river bank), enough salt, sugar and canned goods to feed an army for a week, an alarm clock, a rocking chair, and two embroidered towels with tatted ends. All the three other fellows had together did not equal in bulk what Percy told them was absolutely essential. Spud said he should be made to carry the whole thing on his back. Percy's mother was a good ally for her son, and so the horse and wagon were taken in the end. Then everyone threw his things into the wagon, jumped in, and started off.

All went well on the journey until the horse got across the First avenue bridge. Between that point and the park, he did not stop to rest more than seventeen times. Efforts to coax him to move on were useless. When he wanted to go, he went; and when he wanted to stop again, he did so without consulting anyone. Spots said that he would walk home backward rather than ride back again. But, in spite of all difficulties, they reached the park. The horse was unhitched and tied to a tree. It was a rather useless thing to do, tying the horse, for he was too lazy to run away.

The things were taken from the wagon, and the camp was laid out in a clear spot among the trees. Percy again had his way in that the fire should be built on the river bank so that there would be no danger of a forest fire. A place for the fire was dug out of the steep sloping bank, and a fire was built in it. Percy made the coffee, Ed fried the bacon, Spud chopped the wood, and Spots acted as a sort of boss over everything. The coffee was just beginning to boil, and an appetizing aroma tickled the nostrils of the campers. That was about all they could stand without eating. Smelling didn't fill their stomachs. That probably explains why

Percy took the lid off the coffee pot. He did, and, when he turned around for a moment, something went splash! At first they thought that something had fallen into the river; but, when it came to eating time, they discovered that it had nothing to do with the river at all. A lump of dirt had fallen from the bank above into the coffee pot, and then Percy had put the lid back on the pot to boil the coffee a little more. Ed had somehow got sand in the bacon and couldn't explain how it had happened. The butter had rolled off the box onto the ground, and Ed said it wasn't his fault that the water bucket had fallen over onto the bread and soaked it. It was wet on the outside only anyhow, and the inside was still dry. So they still had a fine meal.

It was getting dark. It was darker than usual at that hour. Someone remarked that it looked like a storm; but perhaps there wouldn't be any. "Look at the good weather we have been having. It couldn't rain now." Everyone rolled into his blankets and fell off to sleep with the exception of Percy. It took him quite a while to make his bed. But he was soon asleep, too.

Morning came. For several hours it had been snowing. It was that kind of snow that melts as it touches the ground. At last someone awoke. It was Percy. He had slept in a little hollow; and, in spite of the care he had taken, he was soaked with water. The others were aroused by Percy's calling and the chatter of his teeth. When all were awake, the chattering of their teeth sounded like an electric hammer such as is used to drive hot steel rivets.

"W-w-well, get up and start a f-f-fire," Spots managed to say.

"D-do it yourself," from Percy.

"W-what do you think I am. Y-you do it," Spots managed to grind out.

Everyone lay still for a few minutes, each thinking that he was a fool for going out camping. At last someone ventured, "Don't you think we better go back to town? It will be c-cold, and the trees will be wet and hard to cut, and we don't need any cabin anyhow. I am not afraid, but don't you thing it would be foolish to stay here?" Everyone feigned pleasure at staying in spite of the cold, but it was a noticeable fact that all decided to go into town when a vote was taken.

The horse was hitched, and everything, including wet blankets, water-soaked food, and some wet hay, was thrown into the wagon. Spots did his share of the riding and did not walk as he had declared he would. But conditions were different now. The horse made good speed home. When the west side was reached, they were forced to wait while a freight train passed. It was a five minute wait; but Spots said it was at least a fifteen. At last, home was reached. Exactly thirty-five minutes later four boys in four different homes were eating pan-cakes, and they were not made by campers over a campfire either!

So the lives of many trees were saved, fish still swim in the river, and animals without number still roam in the vicinity of Sun River park. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." How happy the trees, the fish, and the animals who were to suffer by the campers' implements must be!

COEL MILLS English 11A.

Paste your
Junior Picture
in here

Brotherly Love

I. W.: "My car knows almost as much as I do."

F. W.: "Well, I wouldn't tell anybody about it. You might want to sell it some time."

I have a good class to tell you about
The best class yet, without a doubt;
They're ready and eager for any hard work
And seldom been known their lessons to shirk.

In work and in play they always excel.
And the tasks that they do, they always do well,
Among them you'll find full many a friend
Who often you a kind hand will lend.

Then hurrah for the class of 1-9-2-1
They've earned no doubt, by the good work they've done
And so in the future, if the chance comes to you
Just say a good word for the gold and the blue.

SCHOOL BOY'S NEW TESTAMENT

1. The teacher is my jailor; I shall not rest. She maketh me to put down hard problems. She leadeth me into other traps.

2. She teacheth me well; she shaketh me to the paths of knowledge "for my own sake"—Yea, though I work through the hardest of problems, I will fear no answer, for she made them up; her rod and her staff discomfort me.

3. She preparest my card before me in the presence of mine eyes; she anointeth my marks with zeros; my cup runneth over. Surely misfortune and bad luck will follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of knowledge forever.

Amen.

SHAKATAIL, '24.

"I used to sing in the glee club."

"How long?"

"Until they found out what was the matter."

You can always tell a Senior because
he is so sedately dressed;
You can always tell a Junior by the
way he swells his chest;
You can always tell a Freshman by
the timid look and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore, but
you cannot tell him much.

Say will you big stiff's keep quiet
while I write this theme on "How to Concentrate"?

Miss Stone (hearing continued noise in the news-writing class)—
"What phase of journalism is that?"

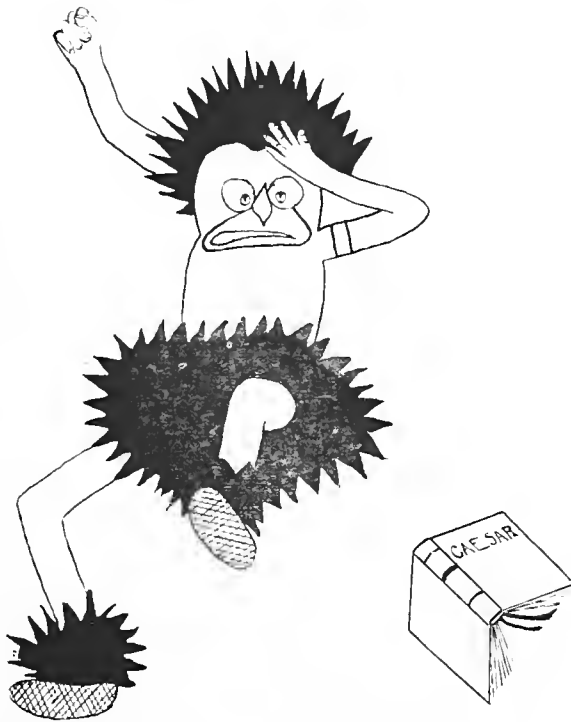




THE VODVIL

SOPHOMORES

'23



Higbee



SOPHOMORE OFFICERS

President.....John Harris Secretary.....Francis Barth
 Vice President.....Ruth Gonser Treasurer.....Maxine Mizener
 Sponsor.....Miss Velikanje

COLORS RED AND WHITE

We are the Class of '23
 Wise men, but foolish, see?

The Sophomores' Diary

Sept. 7—No school this p. m. Couldn't find my old Freshman diary. Wasted all a'ternoon looking for it. Found it in the basement rubbish. Just like our family never to take care of a fellow's things. Keep it under the mattress now.

Sept. 8—Classes called. Gee, I'm a Sophomore already. No flunks for me this year, the summers are too hot. Take heed Freshies! Study, cram, and then cram some more, but don't flunk.

Sept. 9—Principal Cook looks good to me. A little man with a keen eye. Mind your knittin', kids. All my teachers are new, and I am making a good showing already. Guess they'll like me.

Sept. 11—Bells kept ringing every few minutes. A constant scramble and rush in the halls. Electricians spoiled the fun at noon.

Sept. 12—First regular football practice. Too tired to eat.

Sept. 21—Joined Glee and chorus. I can warble like a bird.

Sept. 28—Montana oil boom. Well spudding in at Cat Creek.

Oct. 1—Mr. Cook had a colition today. Sure—a colition is when two things come together. The twins—Louis and Gertrude

Oct. 2—Victory over Butte, only got knocked out four times. Once I thought I was dead, but I wasn't. Butte men too heavy.

Oct. 12—Fire Prevention Week. Fire drills all day. Now we can get out of the building—let me see—yes—I believe it was in a half a second.

Oct. 13—Pink slips are out. I got two. Can't understand it. It was red letter day at our house. I tried to explain, but no use.

Oct. 15—Backward Kid Party. Wasn't a girl, so I couldn't go.

- Oct. 18—Special Football Auditorium. Fatty, Fritzie, Pokey and Billy made their bows to the student body. Wow!
- Oct. 21—Everybody home at three o'clock. Parent-Teacher conference. Dad and ma both there. Ma talked too much when she came home, and Pa—well——
- Oct. 22—I'm sad today for what was yesterday. But I'm glad anyway, for 1 parent—1 week; 2 parents—2 weeks—two weeks, I can go home earlier. Oh! Boy!
- Oct. 25—Old Clothes Day. Rags, overalls, coveralls, patches. Everybody game. President Sisson introduced to teachers in aprons by our principal in overalls.
- Nov. 1.—Big rally down town. Carried a Republican banner till my arms ached, and yelled myself hoarse. Ma says I'm so foolish, but she can't be so patriotic or she's have done it too. Pa did, "Three cheers for Dixon!"
- Nov. 2—Holiday! Hurrah for Harding!
- Nov. 5—Sophomore Olympic. Big fun, big feed, better manners. But there was no frappe.
- Nov. 9—More oil.
- Nov. 11—Armistice Day.
- Nov. 18—Another of those pink slips! What shall I do?
- Nov. 19—Salvation Army lassie rolled doughnuts with a baseball bat.
- Nov. 23—Another Parent-Teacher conference. Only ma went this time. She is still loquacious.
- Nov. 25—Thanksgiving day. I can't write; I'm too full for words.
- Dec. 6—Everybody eating apples at High.
- Dec. 8—Special auditorium. The apple offering was taken. Moral: "Thou must not steal."
- Dec. 12—Joined the Senate. Wonder whom I can get to write my initiation speech.
- Dec. 16—Levitt took us driving on the Park to Park road. Cook at the camera. Scenery upside down. Speed of travel unrivaled. We all got dizzy.
- Dec. 20—Cupid's day. Mrs. Cameron-Huhn off for sunny California! No oratory for two weeks.
- Dec. 22—No Pink Slips. Teachers are just finding out my value. Life at High is now one grand song, but I sing it in the key of B \sharp .
- Dec. 23—Special Christmas auditorium. Got kicked out just because I was trying to settle down and be quiet. Strains of the carols reached cell 32, where Warden Houlison kept us at hard labor, cracking figures.
- Dec. 24—Mrs. Avery Barrett. Cupid, who's next?
- Dec. 25—Merry Christmas!
- Jan. 1—Will join the Technical club when I get back to school and begin the year right. I'll be a big man some day.
- Jan. 17—Got out of all my exams, except four.
- Jan. 18—The worst has come! Exams!
- Jan. 19—I crammed, I crabbed, I conquered. Oh a Sophie's life is full of work, And the days are full of doubt And never a lesson may he shirk. Or else they throw him out.
- Jan. 20—Great Falls victory over Choteau—Choteau peeved—Ish-ka-bibble.
- Jan. 24—A Montana hurricane. At High a window caved in and some plaster came down, then I flew home.
- Feb. 9—Girls' Basketball Tournament. Sophomores, 18, Freshies, 22. (Silence) Seniors, 15, Sophomores, 13 (more silence.) Juniors, 7, Sophomores, 12 (lots of noise).
- Feb. 13—Boys' Basketball Tourney—Sophomores—boys—champions and winners of the grand prize.
- Feb. 14—"Hi-Life" is out! Some paper, best in the state! Full of ads, too, and lots of jokes. Wrote a memorial to the editors—but rejected.
- Feb. 18—"The Correct Thing." Ask Clark Turner now what's what in High.
- Feb. 21—Big 56—oil well—outclasses Frantz wells.
- Feb. 24—High School girls bring home victory from academy.
- Feb. 25—A fine demonstration in the auditorium by a speedy typist. I think I will take up the commercial course next year.
- Feb. 26—End of District Tournament. Ft. Benton, first place. Great Falls no in it.
- Feb. 17—\$47,335 spent a year by high school pupils for gum and candy. Hodges has a new Ford.
- Feb. 28—A collection for Hoover's Starving Americans from the H. S. pupils netted \$103—410 packages of gum. That's a whole lot to give at one time.
- March 4—Presidential inauguration at Washington.
- March 15—The Ides of March—"Caesar iam forte omnibus." Caesar jammed forty in one buss. This subject is too deep for me.
- March 18—Boys' Club Party Nevermore!
- March 27—Joined the Agricultural Club.

March 28—Senate—Forum Debate. Burbank says, "Liquor dulls the upper part of the brain where is located the finer ideals of chivalry and humanity and leaves the lower part where the more brutal passions are left to be developed."
 April 1—Sophomore All Fools Party. Felt very much at home.
 April 6—Humphrey-Quinn nuptials—another vacation.
 April 15—Got a job at the soda fountain in Bridgeman's. A little Freshie came in today all out of breath. "Are you a doctor?" she asked. "No, madam," I said, "I am a fizzician."
 May 1—Arbor day. Sophomore planted a chestnut on the grounds. The H. S. band furnished the music and Ruth Gonser recited the "Village Blacksmith."
 May 10—An alumnus in assembly. "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with"—(applause).

May 15—Got booted out of class. Went home, mother out of humor. Dad at an oil meeting. Tangs growled at me. Pounded by thumb with a hammer. My off day.
 May 16—Better luck. Back in classes. Drilling on our ranch; my heart's leaping. Mother made two pies and a cake for dinner. Gee, what's going to happen?
 May 27—Worked all last night on the Lizzie" so dad could go to the ranch. Whoop-ee, struck water in our oil well. Will be a millionaire's son yet.
 June 4—Our minister asked me if I would like to join in the new missionary movement this summer. I told him I was crazy to try it if it was anything like the fox trot. Mother says I disgraced the family.
 June 10—"All's well that ends well."

SOPHOMORE COMMENTS ON CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES

1.
 Caesar why didst thou write thy book
 My youthfulness to slay
 To make me old before my time
 And turn my hair to gray.
 2.
 I started out with a fearful dread
 Said my teacher, "Never fear
 If you work real hard both day and night
 You'll pass at the end of the year."
 3.
 For the first two months I took her advice
 And burned the midnight oil
 But never a shining ninety-five
 Did I get for my diligent toil.
 4.
 So I merely concluded—as many have done
 Who've tried good students to be
 That a boob I am and a boob I'll be
 From now 'til eternity.
 5.
 So here's to our friend Julius Caesar
 I reckon he'll never know
 How many wearisome nights he's caused
 And how many hearts, filled with woe.
 By E. GREER, '23.

THAT FUNNY FEELING

Have you had that funny feeling
 When your lessons you ain't got
 The bell is just about ringing
 And your face is getting hot.
 Then the teacher calls upon you
 You get up and start to stammer
 And you wish that some kind friend
 Would crack you with a hammer.
 It ain't a grand and glorious feeling
 Like Briggs often talks about
 As you feel your grades go reeling
 And know soon pink slips are out.
 CARL RIPPEL

SOPHOMORE JINGLE

Hail to the Sophomore
 The best class in school—
 Hail to the Sophomore,
 We always mind the rule.
 We're first in all our studies
 First in mind and brain,
 First in all the contests.
 We work with might and main.
 We're never late nor tardy;
 Never sent from class,
 We're always good and hardy,
 And surely we'll all pass.
 Always on report cards
 We have nothing less than "A,"
 We even shame the Seniors
 And that's a lot to say.
 When we are all together,
 We're as good as we can be,
 The best bunch in the High School,
 Hail to the Class of '23.
 —MARIE FRISBEE, '23.

FRESHMAN TAFFY

Taffy was a Freshman,
 Taffy was a boy;
 Taffy went to high school,
 But not to teacher's joy.
 Pink slips went to Taffy's house
 To tell about his work,
 The news that Taffy's mother got
 Was, "Taffy is a shirk."
 Taffy went to school next month
 Went from room to room,
 And all around and overhead
 Those dear pink slips did loom.
 When Taffy went back home that night
 His father dear was there;
 And now for Taffy boy, you know,
 We'll say a little prayer.
 —DOROTHY TUCK
 —VIVIAN TUCKER





MARTHA SALLEE
Vice-President

ANNA FERRING
Secretary

LaVERNE REGAN
Treasurer

DEL LOWRY
President

Freshmen

The freshmen did not organize until the beginning of the second semester, and only those having four credits were enrolled in the organization. The first class meeting, which was held February the seventh, was called by Del Lowry, and class officers were nominated. Election was held later in the week, and at the next meeting, held March seventh, the elected officers were introduced to the class and chairmen of the committees for the party held March eleventh, were named.

My First Freshman Exams

The first day of examinations dawned bright and clear. Nobody seemed to realize that I was going to almost certain death; no one except me. My mother forced me to eat my breakfast, little thinking that it tasted like a mixture of rubber and shoe leather to me on that morning. I ate my breakfast slowly, thinking all the while of the naughty things I had done.

As I neared the building, my courage, the small amount that I had left, began to weaken; but on I plugged.

I went hurriedly to my locker, with a sudden spurt of determination, unlocked it and placed my hat on the hook. My knees rattled like dice.

Several people passed me. All had their fingers on their lips and made a kind of hissing noise, which meant, "Shut up. Don't bust my line of thought." The silence was oppressive.

I didn't have anything to do the first period, so I thought that I would walk around and look for somebody who wore a familiar face, that might hearten me.

Far down the hall I saw someone leaning against the radiator, brooding, no doubt, upon his examinations. His back looked familiar. Where had I seen that back before!

With friendly intent, I gum-shoed up behind him, and heaved a mighty blow upon his back, saying at the same time, "I see, old top, we are in the same boat."

The vision whirled with lightning speed. With a sudden sick feeling in my stomach, I recognized the face. One I had seen a few weeks before, behind a desk on the second floor, where I had been sent to be interviewed for a minor misdemeanor.

I turned and fled, down through the neck I raced, slipped and fell by the water tap outside room 10. The door was open; in I crawled and got into a seat. I now felt comparatively safe.

I, since then, leave a familiar back alone, until I see the familiar face that goes with it. Yet that familiar face must have had some startling effect upon me for—I passed!

DONALD MACRAE.



*He who knows, and knows not that
he knows, is asleep; wake him for he
is a Junior*

Great Falls High.

Deer Herman,

I aint rote to you since school started. I intended to rite to you a couple of days after school started, but the nite I intended to rite the sophomores started in to nitiate us freshmen and I wasnt able to set down for about two days. So it would a been hard to rite.

Since Ive come to the city Im a learnen quite a lot and it keeps me pretty busy agone to dances and other things besides, so I don't get so awful much time to rite. But I want to tell you about the city and the dances cause I go to quite a few dances. You no I always had the reputation of bein graceful on a dance floor and I want to show these city girls even if I am a country jake I can dance with the best of em. And I think there beginin to kind of lok up to me cause I can dance, cause when I go to ask em to dance they kind of hesitate like they couldnt dance good enough.

But I want to tell you about these city girls there about as comadatin as any one I ever did see. When they come to the dances they ware cushion like things over there ears. A course there made out of hair but there awful soft a fellow can lay his hed up against them and pretty neer go to sleep. At first I was kind of scared to do it but I saw the other fellows so I tried it and the girls dont seem to care and any way I didnt want them city guys to get any the best of me and if I hadnt laid my hed up against that kind of cushion like thing the girls might have thot I was ignorant and didnt no no better. The other nite when I was to the dance I was a wonderin what them cushions was made out of and I was dancin with a girl and we was a goin pretty fast and my hed slipped and tore that ear puf, thats what they call em, all to pieces so she wanted me to come and hold hair pins for her while she fixed it so a coarse I did cause I was kind of anxious to see what them pufs was stuffed with, but I didnt let her no that I didnt no already what they was made of, but I watched her out of the corner of my eye but pertended I was lookin at the pictures on the wall. Well bet you cant never guess what was in em. It was a bunch of hair all waded up in a kind of ball. Then her reel hair rapped over the top of it and it makes it look pretty good. When I got home I ast Maw what that was inside of them pufs and she said they was called rats. I thot at first she was just tryin to kid me but she said it was so, so a fellow has to believe it cause that not so extraordinary for a girl to ware a couple of rats over there ears cause they ware funny things anyway. But I'll bet Im ahed of these guys cause Ill bet they dont no whats in them ear pufs. You remember that teecher we had when we was in the seventh grade, Miss Specklson how she use to look at us to make sure we had washed out our ears good befor we come to school, a course we couldnt have wore them ear pufs but if Mary and them girls had only thot of warin them ear pufs the teacher couldnt see there ears and send them home to wash em. Maybe thats why those girls here ware

such things I aint never ast any of them cause I didnt want them to think I didnt no. I ast Maw and she said that it was more for style than any thing else but I kind of have my douts cause if a fellow didnt have to wash his ears it wood save a lot of time and trouble and if I was a girl Id shure ware em. Well when you come hear next year to go to school I can put you wise to a lot of things cause by that time Ill no about all there is to no about the city and it will save you a lot of trouble a learnin of this stuff. And I got all my learnin thru experiance so if you come about a month before school I can learn you so that nobody can tell your from the country.

Rite soon,

Your acomadatin Frend

Silas

DEL LOWRY, '24.

BOTHERING MOTHER

Mother, where's my mitten?
 Mother, where's my cap?
 Mother, where's my muffler?
 Mother, where's my strap?
 Who was Hendrick Hudson?
 Say, is "talk" a noun?
 Something hurts my elbow!
 Are the red men brown?
 Mother, what you doing?
 Won't you mend my sock?
 I don't want to do it.
 Mother, what's a dock?
 I must write a story
 About a piece of chalk.
 Mother, what would you say?
 Mother, can't you talk?"
 Children, ask your father,
 Let poor mother alone,
 Goodness, it's a wonder long ago
 She hasn't turned to stone.

—ELOISE WALKER.

AN EULOGY

I stood upon the hillside
 And looked across the plain;
 I saw a lot of green stuff
 Which looked like waving grain.
 I quickly looked again;
 It much resembled grass;
 But found, to my surprise—
 It was that Freshman class.

RICHARD B. HART,
 VICTOR H. ROWE, '22.

High School is full of willing people.
 Some are willing to work and others willing to let them.

It was midnight on the ocean
 Not a street car was in sight
 The sun was shining brightly
 And it rained all day that night.

It was a summer day in winter
 And the rain was snowing fast
 A barefoot boy with shoes on
 Stood sitting on the grass.

'Twas evening and the rising sun
 Was setting in the west
 The little fishes in the trees
 Were huddled in their nests.

The rain was pouring down
 The moon was shining bright
 And everything that you could see
 Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes
 Lard was rendered by the choir
 While the sexton rang the dish rag
 Someone set the church on fire.

Holy smoke! the preacher shouted
 In the rain he lost his hair
 Now his head resembles heaven
 For there is no parting there.

Miss Freark—"Kenneth, what is the Hague Tribunal?"
 Kenneth Mc.—"The Hague Tribunal are—"

Miss F.—"No, Kenneth; say the Hague Tribunal is."

K. Mc.—"The Hague Tribunal isbitrates national controversies."

I could sing in any flat if I only had the key.



THE DUB

He comes from haunts of poolroom fans,
He gives an awful screech
And sparkles out among our class
To tell the faculty how to teach.

II

In thirty exams, a bluff he made;
Then wished a hundred wishes.
In twenty tests, a little grade
And half a hundred misses.

III

He chatters over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles
Often misses school for days
Then babbles o'er his troubles.

IV

He surely tells some awful lies,
At that he is a devil.
He tells the girls about their eyes,
But he is never on the level.

V

He brags about his own good looks,
To any pessimistic fellow;
His face would scare the boldest crooks,
For its fifty different shades of yellow.

VI

He chatters, chatters; all soft snow
About himself, so clever.
Still his blushes come and his blushes go,
But his brain—he works it never.
SHAKATAIL, '24.

A DUB'S SOLILOQUY

My sister's gone to Washington
My brother's gone to Yale
And both of 'em are awful bright
And I'm just like a snail.
Mother says that she knows why
And says that I don't study
And never be like brother
Or ever be anybody
But if I didn't take Latin
And stuff that's awful stiff
I bet I'd be a wizard
And my marks would begin to lift.

Bud W.—"I have to write a theme
on the 'Life of a Tramp.'"

Bob J.—"You sure have got a
'bum' subject."

Billie B. (in Spanish)—"I was
single" is temporary condition.







Boys' Senate

The Boys' Senate is one of the debating clubs of the high school. It was organized in 1914, and at that time had a membership of 35 boys. At present, it has a membership of forty, with several names on its waiting list.

The Senate has done several things this year. During the first semester, the members gave a "mock trial," which was attended by a goodly sized audience. Immediately afterward, the club gave a party to which each senator was obliged to bring some girl friend. The Monday following the Christmas vacation, the Senate had charge of an assembly. The occasion of this assembly was a debate between two teams of the club, on the question of capital punishment.

Then the club initiated a class of 24 new members.

On Monday, March 28, a team representing the Senate won a decision from a Forum team on the question: "Resolved, That Immigration Should Be Further Restricted For a Period of Ten Years."

The following members held office during this semester:

President—William Charteris.

Vice President—Elliott Roberts.

Secretary-Treasurer—Arch Riley.

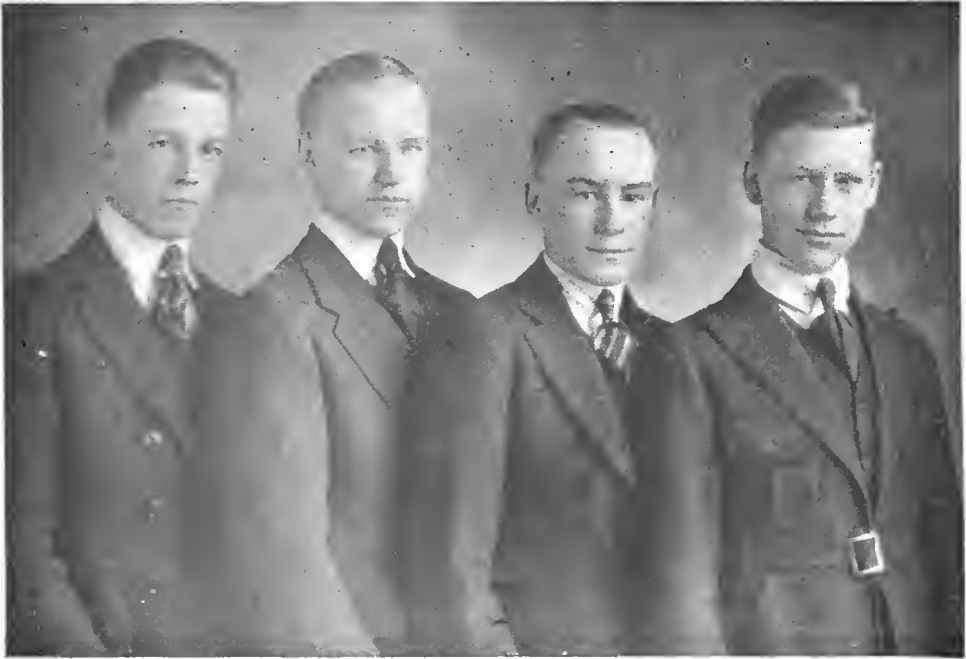
The object of the Senate is to help boys to have confidence in themselves when speaking before an audience.



The Forum

The initial meeting of the Forum was held November 7, 1920, at which officers were elected and the constitution presented. The officers elected were Ruth Gonser, president; Sarah Haight, vice president; Helen Auerbach, secretary; and Maxine Mizener, treasurer. Miss Murchie was selected as sponsor. Membership in the club has almost reached its limit of forty.

Debates on current topics and similar subjects were held throughout the year. Several jargons were given on the most important and interesting questions.



RICHARD HART

ANDREW PALO

VICTOR ROWE

CLARK FERGUS

Boys' Club

The Boys' Club of the Great Falls High School was formerly the Hi-Yi Club. It was organized as the Hi-Yi Club last year but reorganized as the Boys' Club this year. It is no ordinary organization; indeed it is the only one of its kind in the United States at present. It has a work all of its own, best expressed in its motto, "Certified Men." It is destined to become a nation-wide organization, as inquiries regarding it have been received from seven or eight different states.

The club is backed by a committee of business men of Great Falls. Mr. DeSchon of the "Leader" is the instructor of the advanced circles.

The officers are as follows:

President—Richard Hart.

Vice President—Victor Rowe.

Secretary—Clark Fergus.

Treasurer—Andrew Palo.

Executive Committee—Bernard Swanson, Ellis Bergstrom.

The club aims to put every member through college. The members must choose their life work and school, at least tentatively.



BETTY PRENTICE
SARAH HAIGHT

BERNICE BABB

LEVORA POPHAL
MAXINE MIZENER

Girls' Club

"The aim of the Great Falls High School Girls' Club is to co-operate with each other for a finer, happier, more helpful school life, wherein each girl desires richer gain for herself, but forgets not her individual responsibility to her schoolmate, her school, her community."

The officers of the club this year are Bernice Babb, president; Sarah Haight, vice president and Junior representative; Maxine Mizener, secretary and Sophomore representative; Levora Pophal, treasurer and Senior representative; and Betty Prentice, Freshman representative. The faculty advisers for the club are Miss Kocken, Miss Baumgartner and Miss Freark.

Calendar.

May 13, 1920—Election of president for 1920-21.

Oct. 15, 1920—Election of class representatives to the executive committee.

Oct. 15, 1920—Freshman Welcome party.

Oct. 25, 1920—Girls' Club assembly.

Jan. 31, 1921—Girls' Club assembly and "sing."

Feb. 18, 1921—Entertainment, "The Correct Thing" and "The Will."

April 14 and 15—Orphan Fund Drive.

April 29, 1921—Spring party.



Historical Club

The Great Falls High School Historical Club held its first meeting during the last week of the first semester. The purpose of the club is to study current events, especially in their relation to the past.

Donald Hagen is president; Annabelle Rogers, vice president; and Guy Shaw, secretary and treasurer. Jean Cowan was appointed chairman of the executive committee, and Olive Wilson, of the constitution committee. Club sponsors are Miss Buckmaster, Miss Freark and Miss Simpson.

Meetings are held on alternate Wednesday nights, at 7:30.



The Tech Club

For the last few years many of the technically inclined of the G. F. H. S., especially the "wireless bugs," have desired a club or an organization among the schools and other educational institutions of Montana for the purpose of co-operation and mutual benefit.

With the aid of Mr. Cook, a small group of these enthusiasts met in October and drew up a constitution for the "Tech Club." Since then many new members have joined. Considering the difficulties and lack of funds, much has been accomplished during the short existence of the club. At the present time it has an entire wireless receiving and sending set and a new, up-to-date receiving set has been ordered.

At present the officers are as follows:

Sponsor—A. B. Tootell.

President—Carlos Livers.

Vice President—(To be appointed).

Secretary—Lyle Higbee.

Treasurer—Arland Dalve.

Prominent Seniors	Chief Business Is	Chief Trait Is	Best Girl Is
Elliott Roberts	Getting high marks	Studying	Just like him
Walter Hoag	Playing basketball	His love affair	Devoted
Mareus Anderson	Being a good sport	Bluffing	His greatest worry
Hollis Sanford	Being vamped	Bashfulness	A Junior
Eugene Graybeal	Feeling blue	Sticking around	Red haired
Wm. Baker	His girl	Nerve	His idol
Sam McClure	Painfully apparent		Different every day
Ben McNair	Being important	Handing a good line	Wearing another fellow's ring

IMPRESSIONS OF A SENIOR

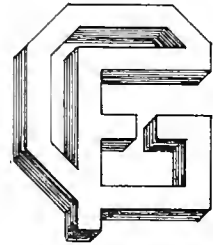
I Like Being
A Boob.
I Wish I Could Be
A Boob
All Over Again,
I've Been One
For Two
Years
And
Not Every Senior
Can Say
That.
I Like to Correct Papers.
I Really do.
I Like the Way
Miss Stone
Pats
Me on the Back
And says
"Missy,"
When my Paper is Right.
And I Like the Way
She Says
"Scat."
I Like the
Four
Awfully Well.
I Wish I Could
Be A Boob
All Over Again.

THINGS WE NEVER HEAR

1. Miss Brown saying we don't have to make up work after being absent.
2. Miss Murchie saying come to class before lacing up our shoes after gym.
3. Miss Byron giving a short English or Latin test.
4. Miss Wheatley saying for us never to wear our gym shoes, it might wear out the floor.
5. Miss Kocken telling the boys to take the girls to the movies.
6. Mr. Cook allowing a dance after the basketball games.
7. Miss Houliston commanding us to wander around the halls and come to class after the tardy bell rings.
8. Miss Kinsey playing a "jazz" piece on the phonograph.
9. Miss Murchie telling us to chew all the gum we want for she doesn't care.
10. Miss Porter giving a hundred in an English test.
11. Miss Kocken giving the following recipe for beauty: Paint, Powder and Wear Puffs.
12. Mr. Cook giving a free basketball game with dance for all those who cut classes.
13. The fire alarm when we're in the middle of a recitation we don't know.



ATHLETICS



Football

The 1920 football season opened when Great Falls played Hobson at Earling park. We took them into camp to a tune of 38-0. Hobson fought hard but was unable to stop the onrush of the Blue and White squad.

Our second game was with Choteau. The team together with a crowd of rooters, went to Choteau in cars. The Choteau boys played hard but were green, as this was their first football team. Our boys played a great deal better than they did in the game with Hobson and won, 81-0.

Helena proved to be easy when we walloped them 100-0 at Earling park. The Helena boys were green at the game and because our team was developing fast we were able to run up a big score.

Our only disastrous game was with Billings, when Billings defeated us 42-0. We lost the game because of the Billings aerial attacks. The score at the end of the first half was 7-0. When the second half opened, the ball was in center field. The Great Falls team marched steadily down the field with one line plunge after another, getting the ball on Billings' one-yard line, but were unable to put it across.

After its defeat by Billings, our team made up its mind to defeat Butte on its own field. A number of the fairer sex went along to cheer our boys to victory. We beat them 26-0. This ended our football season and the team, minus "Mickey" McMahon, who stayed in Butte, where his parents moved, came home after a very successful football season.

Much of the credit for our successful season is due to Coach Crouch.

Football

Hodges, William (Bill) Q. B.

He was small but he didn't hesitate to sacrifice himself as was seen in the Billings game.

Hoag, Walter (Papa) L. T.

"No room to get through" and "Get out of the way," were his slogans.

Bross, Mathew (Matt) L. H.

Matt was a good reliable half back and was always on the job.

Bryant, Harry F. B.

He broke up interference and was good on backing up the line.

Morris, Harold (Husky) F. B.

He was a hard hitter and was good on line plunges.

White, Evin (Al) R. H.

Our youngest man. He was a consistent ground gainer and will be a valuable man next year.

Gonser, William (Bill) R. E.

"If I don't stop them, I can catch them." Our fastest man.

Allen, Ernest, Captain (Poky) R. T.

Untrue to his nickname "Poky", he was quick on his feet and slipped through his opponents' line like a greased pig.

McClure, Samuel (Sam) C.

Another bonny Scotchman who played a good center for us.



Hodges, Edward (Ted) Q. B.

Like his twin brother he was a good leader and directed the plays well.

Golob, Frank (Galloping Golob) L. E.

Always dumping the interference and getting his man.

Cuddihy, Bernard (Fat) L. G.

Built for comfort, not speed. He was "some guard." He handled the game of football as well as he handled the women.

Meisel, Gordon (Measles) H.

"Measles" played either half to good advantage.

Baier, Fritz (Flying Dutchman) R. E.

A good man, with something to back him. He always got somewhere.

McIver, Kenneth (Tee Hee) C

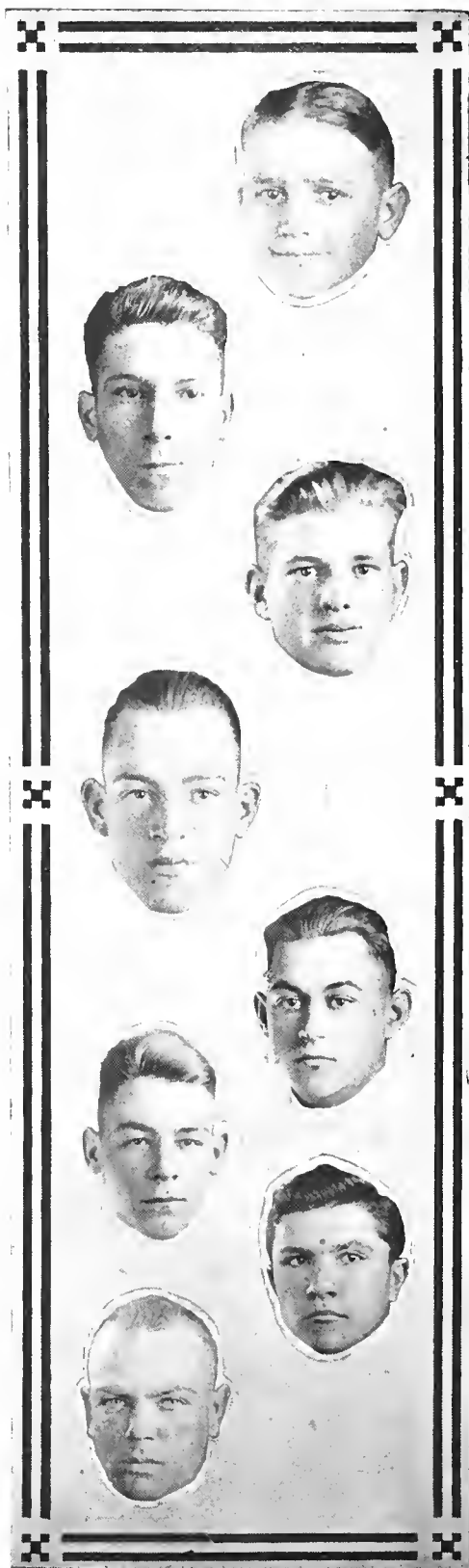
A mighty good center with pugilistic ideas when being carried off the field after a kick in the head.

Banta, Norman R. G.

He played a good game at guard when he got into the game.

Peterson, (Ted of Tarzan) R. G.

Strong as an ox and showing it in every game by the way his opponents flew out of his way.



Basketball

Shaw, Robt. (Bob) R. G.

"Bob" our standing guard, was like a stonewall used to bump up against, as several of our redheaded opponents mainly the Teton Center and Guard, know. He was always fighting until the last whistle. Through his work our opponents scored but few baskets.

Golob, Frank (Galloping Go'lob) S. G.

Golob was quick and ducked the oncoming opponent with great skill. He was a good jumper and could pick the ball out of the air.

Bjorkman, Carl (Budder)

This was Budder's first year on the team. Last year he made the team but was unable to play because of injuries received. Toward the end of the season, Budder was getting his eye back and was shooting baskets from anywhere on the floor. He played good team work and was always going.



Walter Hoag, Capt. (Papa) L. G.

"Papa" always played team work. He seldom attempted to throw baskets. He fought hard during the whole game regardless of how far ahead or behind our opponents. This was his first year on the team but he played as if it were his fourth.

Gonser, Wm. (Bill) L. F.

Our star basket shooter. He scored 127 points for us. He was fast on the floor. He was the only last year's man left. He proved to be our star last year and this year. When everybody covered, he would dribble the ball down the floor with amazing swiftness. He will be on the next year's 5 also.

Baker, Wm. (Billy) R. F.

Baker was unable to come out for basketball until late in the season. He was developing fast and was good at defensive work.



Basketball

The basketball season opened with fairly good material but with only one old player, Gonser. Notwithstanding these conditions, Coach Crouch made as good a team as could be expected with the material.

Our first game was with Fort Benton which we beat by a score of 30-9. Our next game was played with Butte on our floor. We beat them 21-13. The Butte boys fought hard but were unable to keep up with us. The following Friday our team took their only trip. We played Boulder, which we easily defeated. The following day the Blue and Whites played Butte on the Butte gymnasium floor. This time we met our first defeat. The Butte floor was so much larger than ours that our boys couldn't cover it fast enough.

Choteau was our next game. They proved to be easy victims. This was extra long owing to the fact that the Choteau coach continually took his team off the floor because of disputes over the referee's decisions. They also had a number of councils of war.

Kalispell came to the same fate as Choteau. It was in this game that it was discovered that Gonser had a shadow.

Next our quintet went to Helena to play the boys of the capital city. In this game we were also defeated. The next night we had a return game with Helena. In this game we were defeated in the last few minutes of play by one point.

The tournament was the next agent in the basketball season. The tournament proved disastrous to us, as can be seen in the news under the district tournament.

WALTER HOAG, '21.

Interclass Basketball

The interclass basketball tournament started this year when the Sophomores defeated the Seniors 30-13. On the same day the Juniors defeated the Freshmen 28-6. On the following Thursday the Seniors won their only game by defeating the Freshmen 17-9. The Freshmen put up a good fight and played as well as could be expected. The next game was the best of the tournament. The Sophomores defeated the Junior five 23-30, in a very exciting game. Rivalry was keen and both teams fought hard. The Soph squad was handicapped by the illness of Murphy, their captain. The feature of this game was the baskets from the center of the floor by Charteris. The Junior star was Comer. The next day the Seniors were defeated by the Juniors. The Freshmen met defeat at the hands of the Sophomores by a 34 to 14 score.



Girls' Athletics

The girls of the Great Falls High School have taken an active interest in athletics this year.

Many weeks of practice under the direction of Miss Wheatley developed well-matched teams.

The tournament games began January 29 and closed February 2, with the Class of '21 gaining the championship.

Those on the team were:

Hazel Hickman and Doris Foster, forwards; Dorothy Bridgeman and Julia Arthur (captain), centers; Eva Chellquist and Helen Dorrance, guards.

The games were played round robin style and the following scores resulted:

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

Seniors vs. Juniors.

Seniors vs. Freshmen.

Sophomores vs. Juniors.

Sophomores vs. Seniors.

Juniors vs. Freshmen.

With the closing of the tournament a star team was selected by Miss

Wheatley to represent the girls of the High School in a game with the Ursuline academy.

On February 17 a game was played at the academy, in which the H. S. team won by a score of 23-15.

A return game was played the following Monday and again the High School team was victorious, with a score of 25-6.

The star team consisted of:

Hazel Hickman and Ruth Gonser, forwards; Julia Arther and Dorothy Bridgeman, centers; Eva Chellquist and Catherine Cone, guards.

District Tournament

The "Falls" district tournament was held in Great Falls, February 24, 25 and 26. Fort Benton won first place; Choteau, second; and Lewistown, third. Fort Benton won the tournament by defeating Choteau 12-10. Trophy cups were donated by Murphy Maclay to the winners of first and second place. Also individual cups were given the members of the winning team. The first team we played was Belt, which we defeated 23-11. Our second game proved disastrous to the Blue and White players. Choteau defeated us 16-13. We had previously defeated Choteau 27-9. Lewistown defeated us 10-8 in our third game. Our boys fought hard until the last gun but were unable to get ahead. In both of our last games we were ahead at the end of the first half but came out at the little end of the game.

The following teams came to the tournament: Fort Benton, Choteau, Lewistown, Stanford, Cascade, Belt, Conrad, Valier, Judith Gap. The 1922 tournament is to be held in Great Falls and we all sincerely hope that the Blue and Whites will win the tournament.

Musical Society

The Musical Society was one of the first of the new clubs to be organized this year. Fifty charter members who had previously shown their ability along musical lines formed the nucleus of the club.

The officers chosen were Henry Dotseth, president; Jean Cowan, vice president; and Howard Beers, secretary and treasurer. Miss Kinsey was selected as sponsor of the society.

Upon the resignation of Howard Beers, Norma Clem was chosen to fill his place.

Meetings are held on alternate Wednesday nights, and after the business session, a short program and the study of composers is given.

This club has been a decided success and much interest has been apparent.

Football As It Might Be

Despite the bright, balmy weather the football game between the high schools of Butte and Great Falls was a huge success, being witnessed by an unusually large crowd—it is estimated that there were no less than thirty-nine spectators. Great spirit was shown.

The game was a fiercely-fought battle from start to finish with Walter Hoag, dashing little quarterback and Bernard Cuddahy, speedy end, starring for Great Falls. At the end of the first half the score stood 103 to 103 in favor of Butte. During the halves both coaches worked frantically to cheer and stimulate the players to greater action.

Captain Chauncey Ferguson's kick-off at the beginning of second half was caught by Hoosit of Butte, who after a short run of fifty yards was downed by a brilliant tackle by Rowe. An attempt was made to prove that the tackle was illegal on the grounds that Rowe caught the runner around the legs, but it was proved that the runner was tackled gently around the neck and the game continued.

The game raged once more in all its ferocity, when right guard Livers moved that the teams be given a half hour rest. The motion carried.

Finally the score stood 199 to 199 with only one minute to play. Great Falls was within one yard of Butte's goal line; but Butte, contrary to its reputation, held firm as a rock. Repeated efforts of our backfield to puncture the line were fruitless. Even our brilliant fullback, Roberts, made no impression on their impregnable defense. (Here Jackson, left tackle, was accused of shoving and play was stopped while apologies were made.) Just as Great Falls was barking the signals for the final effort—the whistle blew. But all was not lost yet. A motion was made by Halfback Taylor that the time be extended one minute. A vote was taken and the motion carried 12 to 10. It is said that the captain of the Butte team voted for the motion because, as he dropped his ballot into the hat, he was heard to say, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

When our men knew that once more they had a chance for victory firm resolve and deep determination was written on every brow. The crowd listened breathlessly to the fateful signal of our undaunted little quarterback. As he neared the last signal every man braced himself for the crowning effort of his career. The next instant the ball was snapped and the teams met with a clash like a mighty peal of thunder. A great cloud of dust arose, obscuring all from the eyes of the multitude. When the dust had settled the ball was found to be two inches over the line.

A mighty shout arose from the audience, while the goal was lowered five feet to enable Ted Hodges, substitute for Bill Hodges, to kick it.

After the teams had shaken hands, the spectators each carried a player back to the "Y" to the time of "Coming Through the Rye," hummed by Willie Gonser.

As there were not enough spectators to go around the two who were left took turns carrying each other.

—BY RICHARD HART



Student Council

The Student Council was organized this year. It was suggested by Mr. Cook and has been enthusiastically supported by the student body. Mr. L. G. Cook is president. The Senior members are:

John Taylor—Student President.

Helen Lake—Secretary.

Mildred Moses, Kenneth McIver.

The Junior members are Evelyn Stanley, treasurer; Victor Rowe and Richard Hart.

The Sophomore members are Ruth Gonser and John Harris.

Del Lowry is the Freshman representative.

The council has fostered all school activities and made several innovations, particularly student self rule. It started "Hi-Life," the high school paper. Great things may be expected from future councils, if they continue the policy of the present council.

Note from Nora's Note Book

It surely is funny the things that we do sometimes; but the things that other people do are even funnier. Take for instance the "dub" that voted for Levora Pophal for sprinter. Perhaps he didn't know the meaning of the word, or maybe he was dead in love with her. I don't see which it is. However, I am pretty dense.

Some people are going to have their conceit shaken rather severely when they read the new Roundup. Just the same, they couldn't learn any more about themselves than a lot of others did when the "most" votes came in.

More crazy things happen in these halls. Do you know that not more than one out of every ten of the human (?) specimens that pass through them every day see any of it. Should they, one can be sure it's a "new thought" striking them on the head.

The other day I saw two girls walking down the hall with their arms around each other. I knew they used to be sworn enemies, so I said to one o' my pals, "What's the idea of all the love stuff?" The answer to the riddle was, "The little one is on the Roundup staff." I'm going to join that club and get all my old enemies to lovin' me.

Did you know we had an epidemic of a new kind of disease in this school? I call it "pictureenza." The most noticeable symptom is the desire to have your picture taken for the annual. We see prominent (and otherwise) Seniors running for the door every time a camera appears on the place. A little of some pictures goes a long way. In connection with this, I noticed another strange fact: it is the boys that like to have their faces snapped the best.

Have you ever noticed the various expressions on the faces of the students wandering through the halls? There are smiles, frowns, absent-minded expressions, and even what one would take to be an idiotic expression. Then there are the solemn expressions, the wise ones, the foolish ones, simpish looks, dubbish ones, boobish ones, and the look of rapt adoration. The Senior class offered a good example of the last named, when Billie B. fell so hard for Helen A.

The only difference between this year and last year is that our principal has tact. Last year we didn't want to do anything. This year we don't want to do anything; we do it because Mr. Cook makes us think we wanted to. It's mighty few of us could do that.

Taking the long and short of it, why is it that all the short people want to be long and all the long people want to be short?

A clerk at Woolworth's told me that they had sold three shipments of looking glasses this year, and expected to sell another before June. I wonder why he said June.

The whole school owes Mr. Cook a vote of their eternal gratitude for this last year. It has been a case of perfect peace after a terrific storm.

Alumni News

Miss Margaret Babcock, class of '20, will graduate from the Chicago Musical College in June. In recognition of her musical ability she was granted a free scholarship by that college and immediately promoted to the graduating class. Miss Babcock was an active member of her class and was one of the honor ten.

We find that since the last issue of the Roundup Miss Bessie Peacock has become Mrs. Gordon Huddleson, that Miss Edith Fowler has become Mrs. Earl Andrews, that Miss Doris Burlingame has become Mrs. Frank Roberts, that Miss Rachel Webber is now Mrs. George Stearns, that Miss Catherine Flaherty is now Mrs. Paul Hagen, Miss Ella Luther is Mrs. George Calvert, Miss Isabel Fairfield is Mrs. Arthur Gies, Miss Beryl Oxley is Mrs. Charles Lane and Miss Olive Skinner is Mrs. McKibbin.

Miss Helen Hill is a Senior at the University of Washington and is pledged to Alpha Chi Omega.

The Great Falls High School has three members of the faculty who are alumanae of the school. They are Miss Helen Gillette, Miss Jessie Lease and Miss Mary Leaming.

Russel Heath, former guard on the local basketball team and a member of the class of '20, was captain of the 1920 basketball team at Swarthmore college, Swarthmore, Pa.

John McDonald and Milton Schwingle are also students at that college.

Among the alumnae teaching in Cascade county are Theresa Auerbach, Serine Pederson, Audrey Beatty, Virginia Sharpe, Frances Higgins, Ruth Creveling, Vivian Bruneau, Celia Carr, Laura Pearson, Jeanette Lundgren, Winnifred Shields and Florence Chellquest.

Ford Bailor is boy's secretary of the local Y. M. C. A.

Lucille Greer, Irving Monsos and Louis McAllister are taking advantage of post-graduate work this last year. They are all members of the class of '20.

The following Alumni are at Missoula:
 Jarl, Ruth; Kappa Gamma; History.
 Jensen, Florence; Craig Hall; English.
 Smith, Winifred, '18; Craig Hall; English.
 McNair, Sarah, '19; Kappa Gamma; Spanish.
 Fergus, Elinor, '19; Alpha Phi; Phy. Ed.
 Rector, Dorothea, '20; Alpha Phi; Phy. Ed.
 Thisted, Violet, '17; Kappa Alpha Theta; Home Econ.
 Auerbach, Pauline, '19; Kappa Alpha Theta; Bus. Adm.
 Conrad, Frances, '19; Kappa Alpha Theta; Bus. Adm.
 Longeway, Margaret, '19; Kappa Alpha Theta; Chemistry.
 Wilson, Harriett, '19; Kappa Alpha Theta; Bus. Adm.
 Velikanje, Amanda, '20; Craig Hall; Phy. Ed.

Fulmer, Thelma, '20; Craig Hall; Bus. Adm.
 Arnegard, Mable, '20; Craig Hall; Bus. Adm.
 Terrill, Frank, '19; A. D. A.; Pre Medic.
 Moriarity, John, '19; A. D. A.; Bus. Adm.
 Onstad, Herbert, '20; A. D. A.; Bus. Adm.
 Graybeal, Herbert, '20; Dramatics; Bus. Adm.
 Angland, Maurice, '18; Sigma Nu; Journalism.
 Angland, Philip; Sigma Nu; Journalism.
 Lambert, James, '17; Sigma Chi; Bus. Adm.
 McKown, Nathaniel, '20; Phi Delta Theta; Journalism.
 Holkesvig, Walter, '19; Phi Delta Theta; Chemistry.
 Stimpert, Fred, '18; Sigma Chi; Pre Medic.
 Bozeman, Montana, March 22, 1921.

In Memoriam

1896—S. Adele Jensen (Mrs. George Prentice)

1907—Roy Johnson

1912—Taylor Lescher

1914—Gertrude Evans

1924 Ruth Kester

Mr. Chauncey Ferguson,
Alumni Editor the "Roundup,"
Great Falls, Montana.

My Dear Mr. Ferguson:

As I have not been here long, there are no doubt things which might be submitted about which I know nothing. I have secured as much as possible, and have enjoyed doing so, as it seems to keep me still connected with G. F. H. S. Here let me say that I consider the "Hi-Life" a snappy little paper.

Frances Wocasek, a Junior in the applied arts course, is a member of the Literary Society, Alpha Epsilon Theta; the treasurer of Iota Delta fraternity; and president of the Art club.

Anita Thompson is a Sophomore in the chemistry course, and is a member of Iota Delta.

Eleanor Marston is a Sophomore in applied art, and is a member of Phi Gamma fraternity.

Rosemary Trackwell is also a member of Phi Gamma, and is a Sophomore in home economics.

Lois Bailey of the Chi Omega fraternity is a Freshman in architectural engineering. She has the distinction of being the only woman registered in that course.

Janice Waite is a member of Chi Omega, and is a Sophomore in the secretarial course.

Dorothy and Noneeta Noble are both Juniors and members of Alpha Omicron Phi. Dorothy is taking home economics, and Noneeta secretarial.

Opal Clinkenbeard and Lillian Roth are members of the Zeta Kappa fraternity. Opal is a Junior in home economics, and Lillian is a Sophomore in secretarial.

Emil Saldine is a Senior in civil engineering, and is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Fred Steel is a Senior in electrical engineering, and is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Gordon Cottier, another Sig Alph, is a Freshman in applied art.

Fergus Mitchell is a Sophomore in agriculture, and belongs to Sigma Chi fraternity.

Ambrose Ryon, a Junior in electrical engineering, is president of Beta Epsilon fraternity.

Stewart Thompson is a Senior in electrical engineering; and James Evans and Wilson McDermard are Freshmen in the same course.

Arno Albrecht is a Sophomore in civil engineering.

Edgar Suhr is a Freshman in secretarial.

Everett Balyeat is a Freshman in mechanical engineering, and is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Dorothy Tootell is a Freshman in biochemistry; is a member of Iota Delta; and is on the staff of the Co-Ed Exponent.

Hoping you will find this material satisfactory, I am

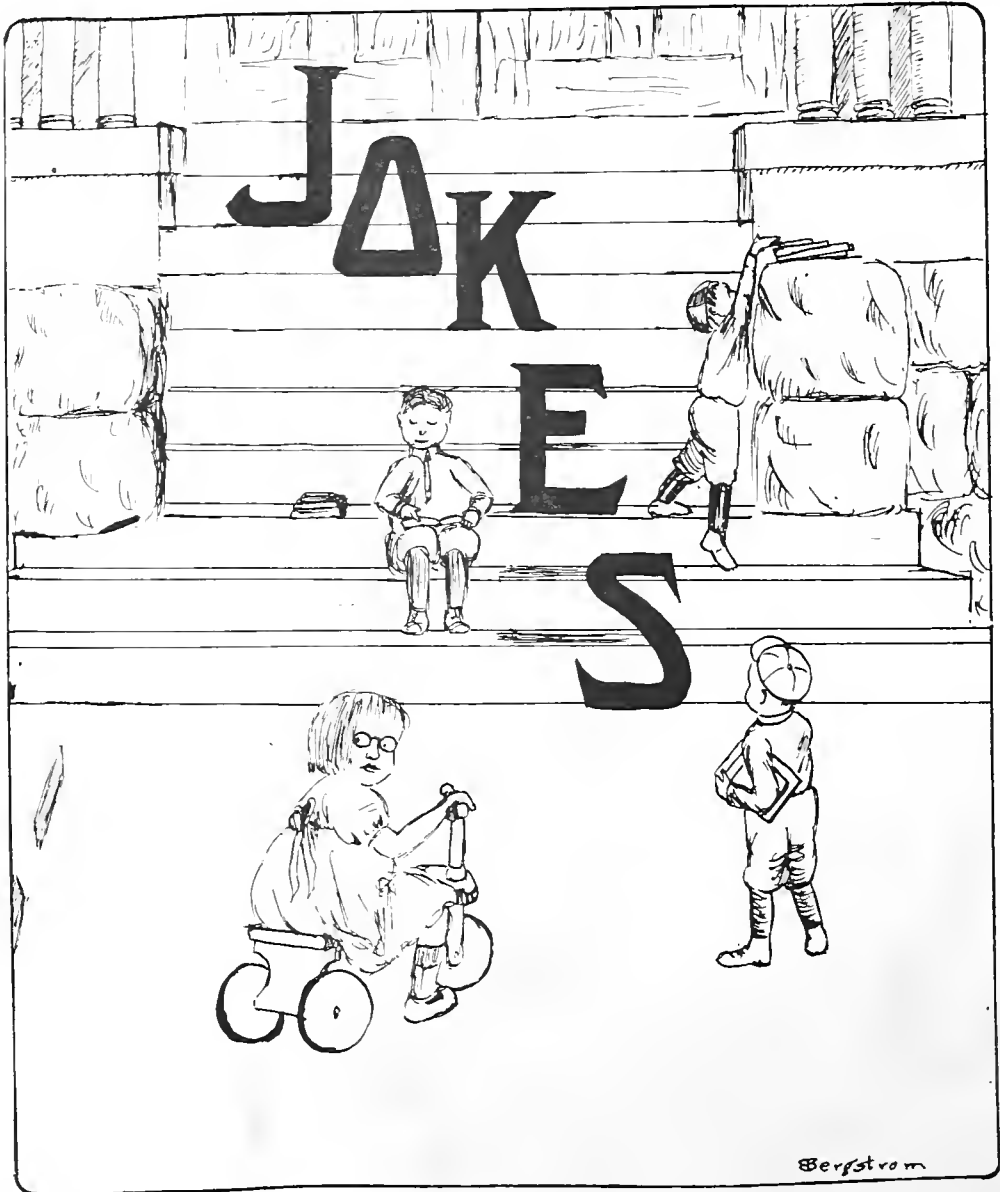
Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY TOOTELL.





THE OLD SCHOOL
IN ABOUT 1930



The Dear Old One Session (Old Oaken Bucket)

How dear to our hearts are the memories golden
For which fond recollection oft makes us to pine
Mr. Rae's dear old pie face, our sweet dispositions,
For we had the one session that started at nine.

Chorus

The dear old one session, the loved old one session
The humane old one session that that started at nine.

How eager we'd seize it, with hearts overflowing
If 'twould only come back from antiquity's brink
We'd never abuse it, we's treasure it, use it,
The dear old one session—with time off to think.

Chorus

The dear old one session, the loved old one session
The humane old one session,—with time off to think.

Our prospects are bright for its some day returning
To end this eternity lasting 'til four
For now at our head, with intelligence burning,
Our Cook runs the show as 'twas ne'er run before.
He's wise, and he's broad, and he's most understanding
He never forgets that we're not made of wood
He'll give us one session, he'd do it tomorrow
He'd do it this minute,—we know,—if he could.

Chorus

ending—
Oh, please, Mr. Cook, and we'll all be so good.

In Physics

Mr. Tootell (seeing Bergstrom impersonating aeronaut)—“Are you making a flight, Bergstrom?”

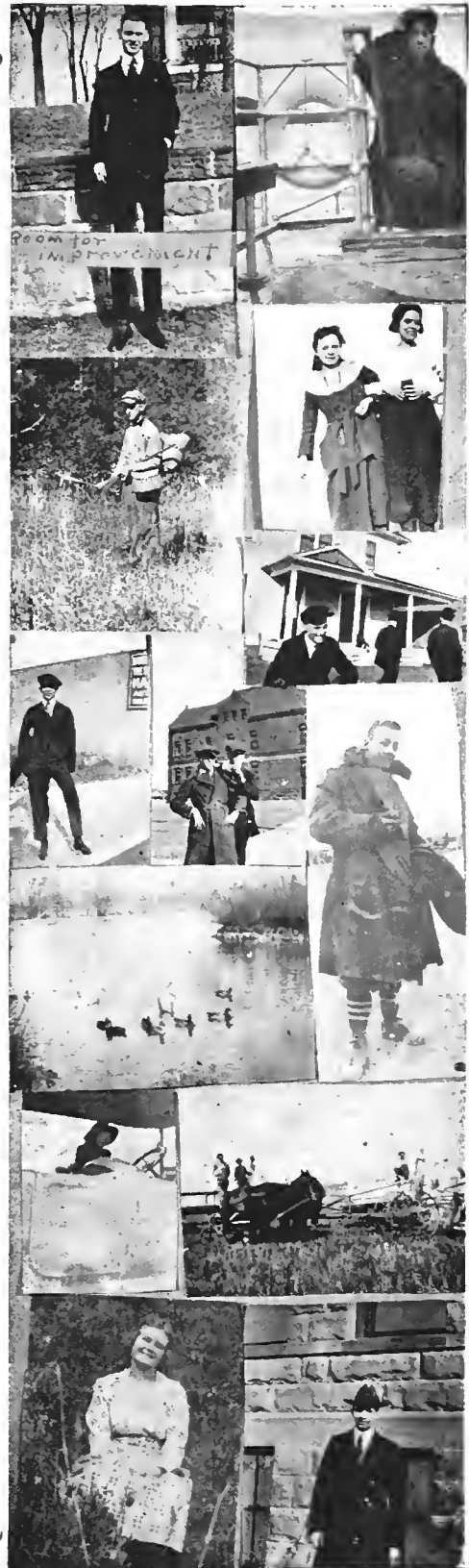
Bergstrom—“Yes.”

Tootell—“Airplane flight?”

Bergstrom—“No, flight of the imagination.”

They couldn't play cards on Noah's ark because Noah sat on the deck.

You can always tell a Senior by the swell way he's dressed;
You can always tell a Junior by the way he swells his chest;
You can always tell a Freshman by his greenish look and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.



LOCALS

Herman Wise writes us from Detroit, Michigan.

Lucille Brownson is attending school at Atascadero, California.

Rolland Hoffman is a student at Oakland, California.

Stella Distad is attending high school at Bozeman, Montana.

Ralph Finlay is in the marines in Virginia.

Russell Cocks is working in a lumber camp at Perma, Montana.

Gilbert Greeley and Gerald Andresh are attending school at Shattuck.

Carrie Fligman is attending Miss Weaver's School of Music at Tarrytown, New York.

Worden Wren is a student in Mercersburg academy, Pennsylvania.

Rosalinda Afflerbach is regaining her health at Chester, Pennsylvania.

Ruby Baker will graduate from the Helena high school this year.

Emmabelle Haynes is a nurse at the Deaconess hospital.

Dora Smith, Marian Curry, Gladys Senny, Florence Guyette, Louise Willis and Mildred Willis are married.

Harold Kiebler is in Michigan.

Arne Rae, '15, formerly advertising manager of the Banner-Courier at Oregon City and later in charge of the circulation there for the Oregon Journal, has given up his work and taken on a course in journalism at the university. Besides hitting the ball in his classes, Rae is handling circulation on the Eugene Morning Register.

BETTER SPEECH POETRY

Oh, sweet little girls of high school,
How shocked I am to hear
That horrid slang of high schools
That you may see right here.

A "kid" is called a "peach";
The other "guy" is a "mutt";
A wise one is a "humming bird";
A stupid "boob's" a "nut."

"Bean" is what you call a "knob";
A "nifty lid's" a "dream";
For bad recitations you say you "flunked";
A funny "stunt's" a "scream."

You call a "dub" a "piece of cheese";
A grouch you call a "crab";
For gathering "kale" you always say,
A bunch of "dough I'll grab."

You say that she has "beat it";
When you mean that she "has went."
A kid with frightened "lamps" you call
A "pie-eyed" innocent.

Oh, girlies, "can the roughneck stuff,"
It's "fierce," without a doubt;
"Take it from me," it's bad "nuff";
Say, "kiddoes," "cut it out."

HERMAN WISE.
Detroit, Mich.

SENIOR BRIGHTNESS

Eugene Graybeal—"Strawberries grow higher than an oak tree."

Carl Korpi—"Sea water is good to drink."

Norman Banta—"Anonymous letters are always properly signed."

Ruth Walker—"The Guillotine causes sickness."

Hollis Sanford—"Larceny is a term used in medicine."

Ben McNair—"The piccolo is used in type-writing."

Sam McClure—"Cerebral hemorrhages are helpful to thinking."

Bob Jorgenson—"The optic nerve is for hearing."

Jean Cowan—"Emeralds are always blue."

Clark Fergus—"Bees gather milk from flowers."

Dorothy Bridgeman—"All books contain 400 pages."

Elliott Roberts—"66-6-10."

Alice Arnold—"Feathers help birds to fly because they keep the air off his body."

Eva Chellquist—"A steel battleship floats because its engines hold it up."

Hollis Sanford—"The larynx is found in the abdomen."

Peter Marzetti—"Envy and greed are not bad traits."

John Taylor—"L follows M in the alphabet."

Chauncey Ferguson—"Confucious founded the religion of the Persians."

Ernest Balyeat—"Intermittent sounds are not discontinuous."

Stanley Oliver—"A cannon ball, wire and a penny are more like a dollar bill than either bone, string or key."

Billy Baker—"True friendship can be bought."

Billy Charteris—"The opposite of tonic is stimulant."

Archie Riley—"A meter is nearest in length to an inch."

Bernard Swanson—"Sirloin is a cut of veal."

Gerald Mock—"Blankets are never as warm as sheets."

Floyd Wergland—"Aristocrats are always subservient to their inferiors."

Alfred Brownson—"At the rate of 2 for 5c you can buy 100 pencils for 50c."

Ray Wagner—"Coffee is a kind of leaf."

Kenneth McIver—"A man usually keeps his automobile in his pocket."

Doris Kennedy—"Sheep are carnivorous."

Mr. Tootell (in physics)—"Mr. Johnson, sit down."

Irving Monsos—"He ought to have a pane in his stomach so we could see through him."

Mr. Wolfe (assigning seats alphabetically, enters a boy a little late—"What's yours?"

Walter S.—"You didn't give me any yet."

Freshman—"Where do the lights go when they go out?"

GETTING UP

Oh! It's hard to get up in the morning,
When you are so comfy in bed,
And you hear your mother calling,
"It's time to get up, sleepy-head."

You pull the clothes up over your head,
And are soon in the land of dreams;
But, "Alas!" cries the voice which you
dread,

"You are bound to be late, it seems."

"Now, come, it is nearly eight,
And the clock's not fast, I know,
So if you don't want to be late,
You had better get up and go!"

But, then, you never remember
That you have a first-hour class;
You dream on in a deep, deep slumber
Nor think of the mornings past.

Then a hand far from gentle greets you
By pulling the covers from the bed,
And you feel a chill creeping through you,
From the tips of your toes to your head.

Then slowly you rise; and at last
Your feet touch the cold, cold floor,
And you wish, as in many times past,
You could sleep forever more.

Half asleep you put on your clothes,
"Till a glance at the clock brings you
back
From the land of dreams to, as everyone
knows,
The land of work to attack.

You madly stumble this way and that,
In a wild and clumsy way,
All goes wrong—you can't find your hat—
Where your books are you cannot say.

My! It's hard to get up in the morning,
When you are all so comfy in bed,
But all through the city mothers are call-
ing,
"It's time to get up, sleepy-head."

HERMAN WISE.
Detroit, Mich.

Athletic Arthur—"Mother, baby has swal-
lowed one of my letters."

Mother—"Oh, well, mush is good for
children." Exit Arthur.

He drew his breath in short pants. Of
course, that was before he wore long ones.

After the matter had been cussed and
discussed, it was decided that some people
are called "Bill" because they are born
on the first of the month.

Spanish Teacher (holding his watch up
before the class)—"Translate this into
Spanish."

Bright Lad—"Junk!"

If Ivanhoed the bonny brae,
And Athelstained his tunic new;
If Friar Tucked the food away,
Pray what on earth did Roderich Dhu?

A dog sat on a railroad track
The fireman heard a squeal
The engineer climbed slowly down;
And scraped him off the wheel.

Say will you boobs keep still while I
write this theme on "How to Concentrate?"

I have a good class to tell you about
The best class yet, without a doubt;
They're ready and eager for any hard work
And seldom been known their lessons to
shirk.

In work and in play they always excel
And the tasks that they do, they always do
well,
Among them you'll find full many a friend
Who often to you a kind hand will lend.

Then hurrah for the Class of 1-9-2-1
They've earned it, no doubt, by the good
work they've done.
And so in the future, if the chance comes
to you
Just say a good word for the gold and the
blue.

E. Graybeal—"The ham doesn't taste
just right."

E. Roberts—"It was just cured last
week."

E. G.—"Huh. It sure must have had a
relapse."

K. Mc.—"Who is your favorite author?"

B. Mc.—"My father."

K. Mc.—"What did your father ever
write?"

B. Mc.—"Checks."

Howard Williams—"Say, do you know
Poe's 'Raven'?"

Sleepy O'Hara—"Is he? Why?"

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The dashing waves broke high
When I kissed my beautiful Annabel Lee
Even as you and I.
Deedle-dee-dump te-de-te-di
Deedle-dee-dump-dee-di.
(Last two lines original; we forgot who
wrote the others.)

Some students (?) at examination time
Have minds like haystacks;
Each piece of knowledge owned a needle
lost in it.

In vain they struggle to recover them,
despairing
Propound wild guesses, oft of a humorous
kind, relying

On a kind (?) teacher's promised lenience.

Key to Baby Pictures

Page 46

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Jean Cowan | 10. Peter Marzetta |
| 2. Eileen Dawson | 11. Opal Stone |
| 3. Helen and DuWayne
Thomas | 12. Phyllis Davison |
| 4. Norman Banta | 13. Jennings Wergeland |
| 5. Floyd Wergeland | 14. Eva Chellquist |
| 6. Julia Arthur | 15. Helen Kennedy |
| 7. Alice Arnold | 16. Evelyn Lord |
| 8. John Taylor | 17. Robert Jorgensen |
| 9. Aurora Schilling | 18. Dorothy Bridgeman |
| | 19. Levora Pophal |

Page 47

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Gerald Mock | 10. Dorothy Carlson |
| 2. Arch Riley | 11. Arthur Peterson |
| 3. Ruth Lease | 12. Wagner |
| 4. Dorothy Cunningham | 13. Wm. Baker |
| 5. Kathleen Lenny | 14. Alice Dickson |
| 6. Doris Kennedy | 15. Clarice Pappin |
| 7. Ernest Balyeat | 16. Russell Ferron |
| 8. Mary Mader | 17. Ruth Walker |
| 9. Iva Duncan | 18. Marion Townsend |
| | 19. Dorothy Woods |

Key to Faculty Pictures

Page 6

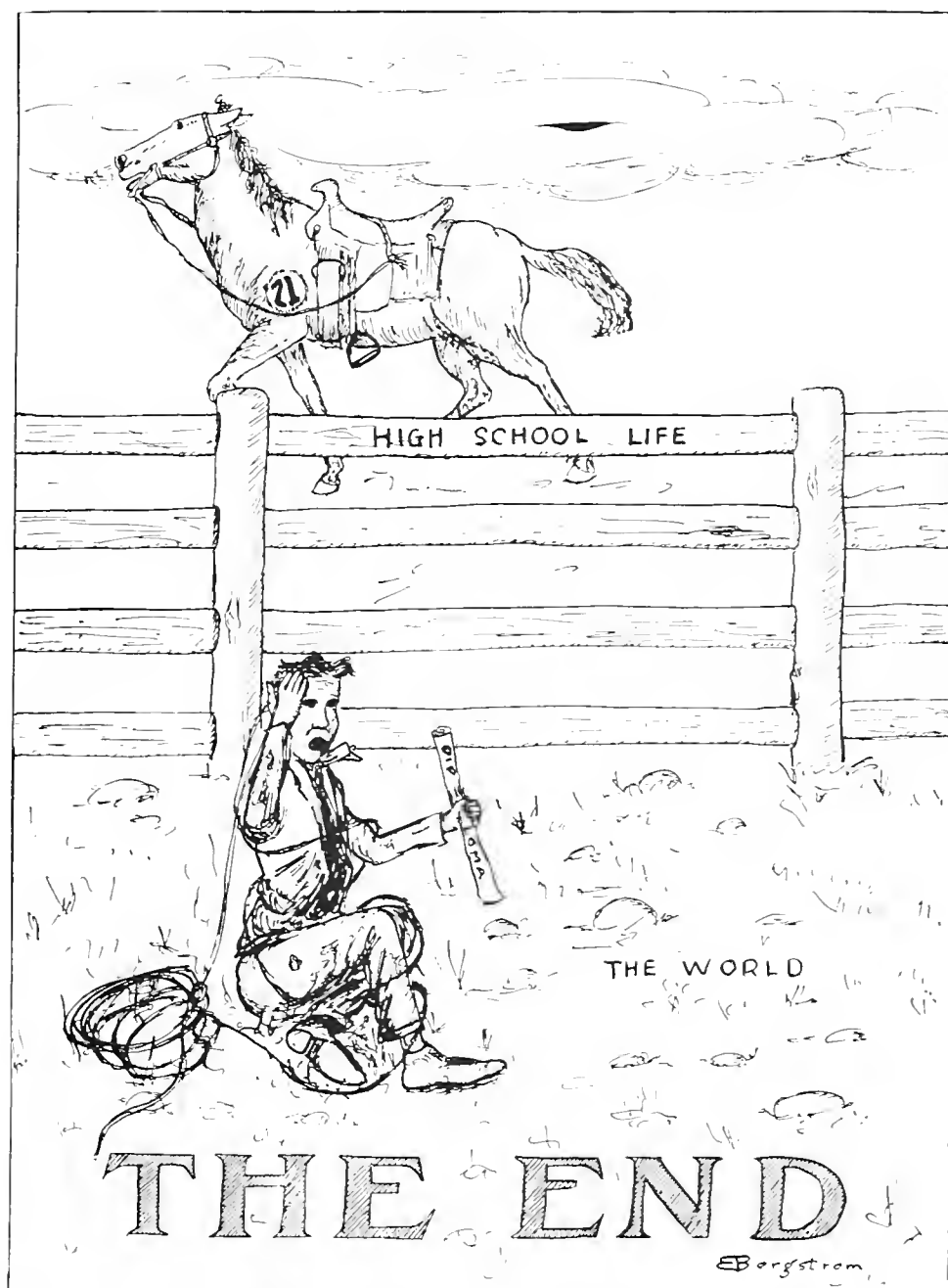
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|---------------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------------|
| Helen Guild | Helen Gillette | Anne Houliston | Josephine Harrison |
| Martha Mae Hunter | Bessie Humphrey | | R. D. Jones |
| Genevieve Holkesvig | | Jessie Lease | |
| Arta Kocken | Nell Kinsey | Mary Leaming | |
| Mayme Murchie | | C. B. Perry | |

Page 7

- | | | | |
|---------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Fern Parr | Jennie Porter | Mary Stone | J. L. Savage |
| Helen Shafer | Margaret Simpson | | Bessie Steen |
| A. B. Tootell | Eunice Thompson | Gladys Williams | W. H. Wolfe |
| Lucile Watson | Jeanette Wheatley | Stella VanDyke | Johanna Velikanje |

Page 8

- | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------------|
| Rachel Baumgartner | Thirza Brown | Ruby Barneby | Rosalie Borgman |
| Jeanne Buckmaster | Iva Brown | | M. L. Crouch |
| Marion Byron | Rosamond Bargey | | Elizabeth Cavanaugh |
| Mrs. Huhn | Louis G. Cook | Dorothy Frost | Winona Freark |







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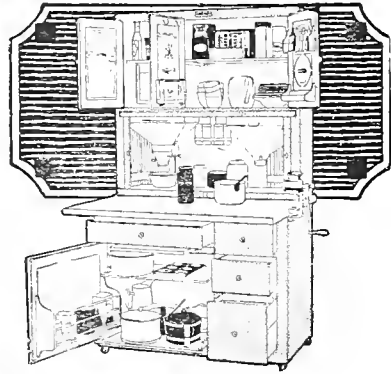
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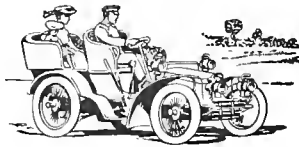
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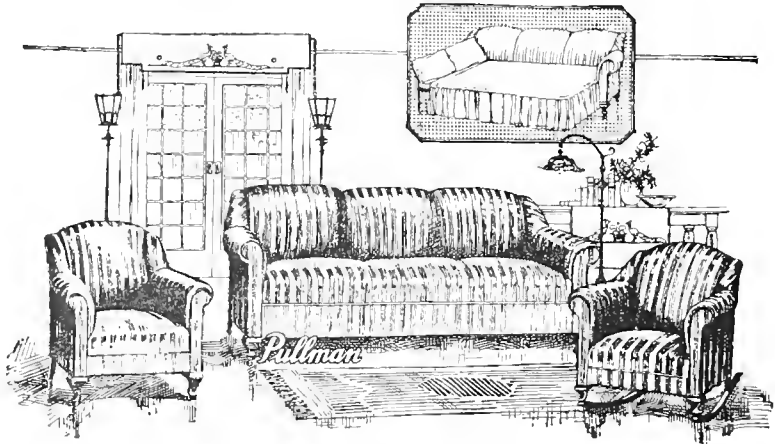
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PLUMBING and HEATING

True Fables



TWO LITTLE SISTERS had a grandmother who used to say to them "Handsome is as handsome does," and also, "Beauty is only skin deep."

Through these old fashioned proverbs the little girls learned that first appearance may be deceiving. So when they grew up and each had a husband and a home of her own, they were sensible and always looked farther than the surface.

They said, "Bargains are only price deep, but value takes in SERVICE."

They loved looking at the windows and at the advertisements of different stores, and deciding where to go, from the FEELING of them and not from the prices quoted at all.

This way they avoided mere "bargains" and gained values.

Because they found that by coming to a store where home IDEALS are understood and recognized, they could get service that saved them money and gave them happier homes.

Theodore S. Coy "Generation Furniture"

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Students make this store your store for school supplies, etc. We always carry a complete stock and our prices are right.

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takes this opportunity to thank the advertisers who have made this issue of The Roundup possible.

We urge all readers of this paper to patronize these advertisers as they are the most reliable firms in the city.

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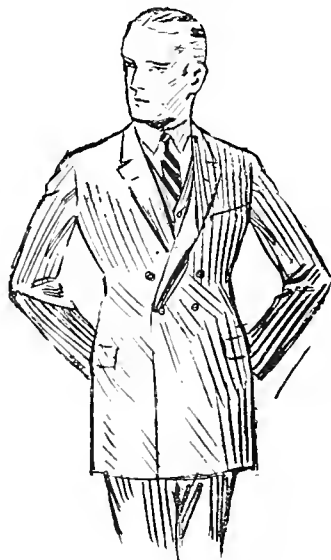
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This is the second biggest school clothing value in the world: the first being a wealthy Philadelphian, who offered 100 suits at \$2.00 each, to the first 100 boys passing into the first grade who could show him a 100% report card.

That's the first and finest value in the country—Ours is the second.

Now then boys here's your opportunity: This is a prize worth earning—worth working for and, worth receiving:—Buckle down:—"step on it" this last 30 days, and show Father and Mother just what you're made of. We'll be pulling for you and sincerely hope to see every one of you win. Not that there is any immediate profit in this for us—for there is not, but—it's just things of this kind that is making this store "the young men's clothing power of the city."

We promised big things for you this year,—and "Big things" always come under the head of "The Golden Rule"—This is one of them.

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GREAT VALUES HERE AT \$35, \$45 and \$55.

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